The Centre Reporter.

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

Lynn, Massachusetts, on Tuesday, had a ten million dollar fire. 80 acres of the business part of the city were destroyed

We have a letter from a Republican who was a candidate for the nomination for Associate Judge which sets the letter from the Commissioners' office in the shade.

Some one wanted to know what the *Gazette* means by the term "Mackeral wrapper." That's plain—Fiedler is a mackeral and gets done up in the Reporter pretty often.

We imagine that the *Gazette* man realizes by this time that his hog methods of conducting a newspaper as well as his other methods outside of it are not at all appreciated by the decent people of Centre county.

The other day a Republican told us he thought of buying a spelling book for the Commissioners' office. We suggested he send with it the 2nd Commandment for the benefit of Henderson, while a third party thought the VI might be sent to the jail at the same time.

Monday night in the Commissioners office, late prospective candidate for Sheriff, and present head Commissioner Henderson, was ready to take a bet that he could smoke a cigar nine inches in length and six inches in circumferance, in one hour. Henderson has done bigger smoking than that, he has smoked Centre county out of its surplus and into debt.

There are about one dozen newspapers in this county, of all parties, and only one, the *Gazette*, has the brass to insult the decent people of the county, by defending the wrongs the Sheriff and Commissioners are guilty of. The *Gazette* was influenced by a dishonest printing contract to defend these faithless officials. Shame! but what better can be expected from the sot who runs the corrupt sheet?

They say Mr Quay has agreed to "deliver" nineteen Pennsylvania Congressmen to Reed of Maine in the Speakership fight. It is nice and easy to be a Pennsylvania Congressman just now. The Junior Senator saves the Congressmen so much trouble by doing their thinking for them! He selects their appointess, tells them how to vote and in a general way relieves them of their political and mental responsibilites.

The people of Centre county, of all parties, admit it was a great mistake to elect Henderson commissioner instead of H. C. Campbell, and defeating Greist instead of Henderson. In the language of an ex Commissioner and a Republican, the present board never had its like in our county; and in the language of leading, old line Republican of Harris township, "We Republicans are just as much ashamed of these Commissioners as you Democrats are," there is all truth.

It is gratifying to record the fact that the accomplices of "Red Nose Mike" have received at the the hands of the Italian courts a partial punishment, at least for their complicity in the murder of Paymaster McClure. One was sentenced to imprisonment for life and the other for twenty years. Had these murderers not been guilty of crime in their own land it is doubtful if they would have received anything like adequate punishment for the brutal crime which they committed in Pennsylvania.

Even the Philadelphia *Press* does not believe that William Mahone, who insisted on being governor of Virginia against the will of the people, was beaten by fraud. It attributes Mahone's defeat to a revolt against him and then it says, "had he been defeated by eight to ten thousand there would been good ground for saying that he had been cheated out of the election; but when the majority mounts to 45,000 it is too big for any such claim." Now that it has told "the truth about Virginia" the *Press* should turn to and tell the truth about Ohio and Iowa.

Rev. T. De Witt Talmage and his party are in Athens Dr. Talmage has secured a cornerstone for his new church in Brooklyn from Mars Hill, where St. Paul preached to the Athenians. Dr. Talmage preached there on 21 to many people taking as his text: "Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars Hill and said: 'Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious.'"

Later in the day Dr. Talmadge had an interview with Premier Tricoupis. He had an audience with Queen Olga and ex-Empress Victoria, of Germany.

Intends to Reform.

Glory! Fiedler thinks he will reform and quit drinking. The lectures in the Reporter have brought good fruit, and now there is hope for him.

This prospect of the man reforming, we have from the following, which actually took place, while he sat at his desk fretting over the disastrous defeat which he helped bring upon his party in this county by running a whiskey and swine campaign. One of his acquaintances stepping in, invited him to go with him and take something. To this Fiedler at once replied, "No, I won't take nothing. I intend to quit doing that."

That's the best undertaking he has yet made and we will do all we can to help save him.

It is a pity that he did not see the error of his ways a little before the election, then Billy Fisher would have received one more vote for Associate Judge, and the gallant Prohibition army could have boasted one more recruit from the ranks of Captain Whiskey. But it is better late than never.

Now let the man be zealously looked after by those immediately around him, as the Reporter claims the credit of getting him thus near the anxious bench.

Brethren, now take brother Fiedler in care, and try to save him.

Let every member of the W. C. T. U. haste to the *Gazette* office with a pledge and each one get his signature to it—now's the time these good women can get him to sign. Then to encourage him, let them give him an occasional carriage ride on pleasant afternoons to show him they are sincere and love him. This will make his evil companions keep away.

Then let the Y. M. C. A. take him in hand; let the members go there, stand on his pavement, under his door and around him at his desk, that the tempter don't have a chance to get in his work. Go to him boys, and encourage him "not to take nothing and quit that." Strike while the iron is hot.

Then if there is a Salvation Army anywhere within one hundred miles of Bellefonte, let it be ordered to the seat of war, at the Reporter's expense, and and let these do their best to save Fiedler, and cheer him on in his resolve "not to take nothing anymore and quit that." Yes, bring on the Salvation Army, and save him.

Then let Bro. Lawrence Brown come in with his powerful temperance tracts, and put them where they will do most good. Yes, St. Lawrence, great among the pure water streams, put your temperance tracts under Fiedler's plate at breakfast; shove them under his hat while he sits at dinner, and mail them too so they reach him at supper, and don't forget to have 'em under his pillow. Sleep with him, Lawrence—come to our aid, with your temperance tracts, and help save the man.

When all these aids have put in their good work, we will appear on the scene to test the convert 's firmness. We will ask him to go along and take something—and if he replies as he did to the real tempter aforesaid, and says, "No, I won't take nothing, I will quit that," then he is safe. But if he lacks firmness and goes with us, there shall be no harm, for we will go with him to Garmans and propose to set 'em up for two, then Garman will say, as he once before did to Fiedler, "No, he can't have anything, we must obey the law," and he is yet safe.

Now then all philanthropists to work. Y. M. C. A.—W. C. T. U.—S. A.—and Lawrence too. with the Reporter on the home stretch.

The man must and can be saved. Bro. Fiedler is on the anxious bench—now keep up the fire.

The smuggling of opium and Chinamen into the United States is a flourishing business in the far Northwest. The Chinamen slip in from British Columbia in violation of the restriction act, and many of the Celestials are agents for the introduction of opium. Puget sound furnishes abundant means for evading the vigilance of the customs inspectors and revenue cutters, and the force of these stationed there is inadequate for completely guarding so extensive a coast line. Of course there is pecuniary inducement for people to engage in this species of smuggling. To begin with, there is the price obtained or bringing the Mongolians from China; then there is the large fee of the boatmen who make the trip from British Columbia. A few of these have been arrested while trying to take Chinamen to Washington Territory in their small vessels, but presumably more have plied their vocation unmolested. There is much money in the introduction of opium, which pays a duty of about 120 per cent on its value. The specific rate is $10 a pound on the prepared article, and last year on this and crude opium the duties amounted to considerably over a million of dollars.

The Washington special of the Pittsburg *Post* says: There is an unpublished story in reference to the trio of candidates for the Republican nomination for governor of Pennsylvania. It is not generally known that General Hastings has practically withdrawn from the eld. The general may plead not guilty to the charge, but it is stated on good authority that a compact was made between Hastings and Delamater contingent on the result of the late election for State treasurer.

This is the story: When Hastings and Delamater met before the last election each agreed to give way to the other on certain conditions. If Boyer's majority would be kept above 35,000 Delamater would have a clear field as far as Hastings was concerned. If the majority fell below 35,000 Delamater was to withdraw in Hastings's favor. The majority was almost twice the established standard and General Hastings is alleged to have withdrawn in Delamater's favor. He was regarded as a perfectly fit and upright man, but the desire to shelve him is said to have been increased by the fact that in Center county, his bailiwich the Republican majority fell 900 votes.

The question that now arises is, what is Major Montooth's position? Is he sincere in his protestations of running independent of any help outside of Allegheny county or did he come to Washington to fix up things with Senator Quay? It is said the major would accept the nomination of lieutenant governor, and is willing to leave the field to Delamater if he is assured that he will be given the nomination for lieutenant governor. This theory seems plausible.

Captain Ledyard Ellsworth, of Hartford, Conn, is the inventor of the smokeless and noiseless gunpowder. This invention, it will be remembered, was successfully tested in Europe some months ago, and has caused great discussion in the military circles of Europe and America. He says he has disposed of a share of his great secret to Carl Van Auderlitch, of London, a representative of the German government.

Van Auderlich, according to Captain Ellsworth, has the exclusive right for all countries except the United States, Mexico and Central America. The contract further provides that if before November 1, 1889, the purchasers should inform Ellsworth they desired to buy the remaining right they could do so for $500,000 cash and $10,000 a year for 99 years.

Now the European contracting parties claim that on October 12, they sent Ellsworth at his home in Hartford a letter closing the option on the remaining rights. This letter was not received by Captain Ellsworth, who was then in the West, and it is a question whether, by the terms of the contract, this acceptance, neither received nor receipted for, can be held as binding. If it can, it is said our government is debarred all knowledge of the secret of this new explosive.

Captain Ellsworth had always been something of a chemist, and after the war turned his attention to preparing a powder that would be both smokeless and noiseless. In 1879 the desired end was reached. Since then it has been materially improved. In 1879 he offered to make tests of the new powder before officers of the national government but Captain Ellsworth says they wanted to know the formula for the preparation, and he refused to give it. Subsequently he had correspondence with government officials of various countries, and after the recent sham battle at Hanover the secret was bought by Van Auderlitch.

A curious story connected with the Brazilian revolution is obtaining currency in diplomatic society. Dom Pedro was, it is said himself the prime mover in his own deposition. He had endeavored to resist his son-in-law's active hostility to the anti-Clerical party and had other reasons to be dissatisfied with him.

Furthermore, his Majesty was by no means ignorant of the popular movement. He beet that if he should outlive the republican advance his daughter would be unable to cope with it, more particularly under the pernicious guidance of her husband. He therefore, like a wise and philosophic monarch, anticipated the inevitable, and thus at least saved the prospective bloodshed which he felt would have come with resistance, if not in his time certainly in that of his successor. Hence his easy and calm acceptance of the situation.

Henderson Glad.

We have it straight that Henderson is glad the letter from the Commissioners office was printed; he thinks it knocks Decker out, just what he secretly wished for, as he wanted Johnny to make a blunder in order to direct attention from his (Henderson's) mulishness and impudence Between the two Bro. Decker is ten pegs better than Henderson, but you can't make the big fool see it, sleeping in the court house has given him an attack of big headedness.

Too Much.

Professor W. O. Atwater, director of the agricultural experiment station at Washington, read a paper before the American Public Health association in Brooklyn, in which he declared that we Americans eat too much by half. His paper was a thoroughly convincing one. He showed how Americans eat far more than Europeans. Especially we eat too much meats and sweet stuffs. Dr. Jerome Walker had found that children were much better off for not eating all their appetite craved.

The true rule has been declared to be to eat just as little as will satisfy the hunger, without consulting the appetite. Following this rule, the quantity of food can in time be lessened one half, with the greatest advantage to the general health. When one begins to lay on fat over his muscles it is a sign he is eating too much, and he should slack up at once. Fat, according to the latest school of hygienists, is a disease, and a thoroughly uncomfortable and unsightly one.

Other doctors at the meeting declared with equal force that we dress too heavily and warmly in winter. In fact, we put too much both on the inside and outside of us. We clog the skin and weight ourselves down by our thick and heavy clothing, and give nature no sort of chance to keep us warm. Consequently nature weakens and we suffer.

What did our prehistoric ancestors, who had no clothes at all to speak of, do? They certainly did not freeze to death or we would not have been here. No! Light clothing and brisk exercise, which warms us from the inside instead of the outside, and a light quantity of food, is the way to be healthy, wealthy and wise.

Cook Atkinson.

Mr. Edward Atkinson is known as the fairest idealist of his time. Lately, however, he has put one of his best ideas into the shape of an apparatus which may revolutionize old cooking methods. He calls his contrivance the Aladdin oven. Its design is to utilize the heat of an ordinary kerosene lamp for cooking, and the design is wrought out effectually. While one sits and reads by a lamp, or does other work, his food is thoroughly and deliciously cooked by the heat given off from the lamp at the same time. The oven is constructed of wood pulp, faced with tin. All kinds of food may be cooked with the apparatus. The saving in fuel, dirt, ashes, space, smoke and hullabaloo can hardly be computed.

Mr. Atkinson, unlike many reformers, uses his own machine at home. He also delivers lectures, exhibiting it in operation. One was given before the American Public Health association recently.

Will the Mormons Leave Utah?

There is rumor of a vast movement among the Latter Day Saints to gather together their household goods, shake the inhospitable dust of the United States from their feet and migrate in a body to some realm where each Mormon may have as many wives as his conscience dictates. Negotiations to this end have been in progress with Mexico, but for some reason they have been broken off, and now the Saints are looking elsewhere. It is said the Argentine Republic has offered them handsome terms, the prejudice against many wives not extending, apparently, to the South Americans. Mr. E. G. Sprague, an artist who spent some time sketching in Utah, asked a Mormon boy of 13 who the president of the United States was. The boy replied that it was George Q. Cannon.

It is not unknown that the Prince of Wales has expressed doubts whether he would ever reign over England. Recent reports of his health seem to justify his doubts, even though there should be no political revolution in England—not yet awhile. It is said now that the prince certainly has Bright's disease. Strange it would be if, like Emperor Frederick, of Germany, the English crown prince should go to the grave in the flower of manhood. What would England do then? But Victoria bids fair to live many years yet. She appears to have a better constitution than her weakling male descendants, probably because she has taken better care of herself. Her greatest shortcoming, next to her avarice, is said to be a weakness for British ale.

The negro question in the south becomes more and more serious. It amounts simply to this: There are several millions of people in the south in a state of poverty, ignorance and shiftlessness. The color of their skin is of no consequence, one way or the other. They are increasing in numbers; they swarm in idleness through the southern cities, where there is not work sufficient for them. What, in time, will become of them and the white people in whose midst they are? Plainly the thing to do is to educate them and put them to steady work, and make them do it. The best statesmanship of the whole country must grapple with the subject.

There are now 200,000 tramps in this country, 60,000 of them boys. This, too, is at a time when city schoolhouses will not accommodate the pupils sent to them. The two facts go well together.

Columbus Day.

Some of the newspapers have been remarking that Oct. 12, 1892, would be the great day of the World's fair in America, because that will be the four hundredth anniversary of the very day on which Columbus sighted our continent. A correspondent of The Philadelphia Ledger calls attention to the fact that this would not be correct. According to the Julian calendar, old style, the 12th would be the right date. But the Julian calendar counted 11¼ minutes too much in a year. In a century this amounted to three-quarters of a day. The Julian method of reckoning time was adopted 46 B. C. At the discovery of America the dates were 9¼ days behind. In course of time this would knock Christmas, Thanksgiving and even Fourth of July all out of kelter.

The calendar was ten days behind at the time of Pope Gregory. In 1582 he rectified it by simply adding out of his supreme authority ten days to the calendar, making Dec. 15 Dec. 25. Whatever popes said went in those days, and all the countries of Christendom gradually adopted the Gregorian or correct calendar, except the Greek church countries, Russia and Greece. These still reckon time by the Julian method, and are now consequently twelve days behind the true time.

All other important dates and birthdays have been changed to suit the new style. This must be also. The true Columbus day is Oct. 21.

Our State Legislatures.

We learn in a paper by Mr. Albert Shaw, in The Contemporary Review, all about our American state legislatures. We learn that in a legislative session of twenty-four months in our states no fewer than 25,000 laws are passed.

In the early days of the republic, Mr. Shaw tells us, the Americans had no great faith in written constitutions, and so left mostly everything to their legislatures. The result was an era of wildly extravagant legislation. States were plunged into swamps of debt and had imposed on them no end of cranky, senseless laws. Then the people rose in their majesty and swept away much of this unrestricted legislative power. They put into their state constitution just what a legislature might and might not do, thus protecting themselves from the rapacity and folly of their own lawmakers. From having almost nothing in the state constitution, the tendency is now to put almost everything into it. Our state constitutions are becoming more and more legislative.

Mr. Shaw is of opinion that a study of the thousands of different laws passed by American state legislatures, embracing as they do about every topic human and divine, would be most instructive. In this he is right. One would especially learn what not to do in legislation.

Taxing Real Estate Alone.

The Boston Executive Business association have recommended to that city the adoption of the single tax system. They recommend that taxes be assessed on real estate alone for city revenues. For state revenues they suggest the taxation of inheritances and legacies. It is their judgment that an income tax would also be advantageous.

It is significant of the progress made by the single tax idea in a few years, that some of those who recommend the system for adoption are among the heaviest real estate owners in Boston. They are of opinion that putting taxes on real estate alone, and releasing other property, would give a great boom to the manufacturing and commercial interests of the city. Taxes could not be evaded as they are now, and, all being paid of necessity, the amount would be larger than is now raised for municipal purposes. Therefore, they believe the rate per thousand could be lowered.

If anything could curdle the blood of a French absinthe drunkard it would be the report made to the Paris Academy of Medicine on this intoxicant by Dr. Cadeac. Genuine absinthe he declares to be one of the deadliest of poisons, affecting the spinal cord and causing epileptiform convulsions and death. The only reason it does not oftener produce death in a short time is that the ordinary article imbibed by the absinthe drinker is weak and of thoroughly poor quality. But students of physiology have for some years insisted that the men of the French nation are deteriorating rapidly. Certainly the French population scarcely increases at all. Perhaps absinthe is the fiend at the bottom of it all.

One of the electioneering methods resorted to by Mahone in Virginia is about the most novel and amusing on record. He is charged with organising the negro women in the state into a league to force their male friends to vote for the little general. And when once a colored woman gets her dander up and gets started nothing can stop her.

Much of the surplus money of the United States has been kept for some years in the national banks.

Interesting Clippings.

Alexander C. Lanier, the oldest son of Mr. Lanier, of the firm of Winslow, Lanier & Co., New York, will be married to Mrs. Stella Seening who was once thought to be the handsomest lady in Indiana. Mrs, Seening has been a widow only six months, but she and Mr. Lanier were sweethearts when young and engaged to be married but he went to Europe and she married Mr, Seening, a wealthy Hoosier. Mr. Lanier swore he would never marry any other women, and for forty years he kept his word.

A curious story connected with the Brazilian revolution is obtaining currency in diplomatic society. Dom Pedro was, it is said, himself the prime mover in his own deposition. He had endeavored to resist his son-in-law's active hostility to the anti-Clerical party and had other reasons to be dissatisfied with him. Furthermore, His Majesty was by no means ignorant of the popular movement. He felt that if he should outlive the republican advance his daughter would be unable to cope with it, more particularly under the pernicious guidance of her husband. He, therefore, like a wise and philosophic monarch, anticipated the inevitable, and thus, at least, saved prospective bloodshed, which he felt would have come with his resistance; if not in his time, certainly in that of his successor. Hence his easy and calm acceptance of the situation.

Among other things discovered by Stanley on his latest expedition is that the Victoria Nyanza extends southerly to within 155 miles of Tanganyika. To the average reader this does mean much, yet it represents a story of suffering and triumph and romantic achievement in the history of exploration which the world will cherish

Talmage is in Athens, where he was granted an audience by Queen Olga and Victoria of Germany, mother of the Emperor, and also by Premier Tricoupis. He preached on Mars Hill, were Paul met the assembled wisdom of the ancient city and has obtained from there a corner stone for the new tabernacle in Brooklyn. Trust Talmage to get all there is to be had out of a visit abroad.

Brussels, Nov. 25.—Hon. George H Pendleton, ex-minister of the United States to Germany, died in this city last night. He succumbed to a stroke of apoplexy. His death occurred in the Hotel Bellevue, where he had been lying sick for sick weeks. His two daughters were present when he died.

Mr. Pendleton was from Ohio and had been a congressman and senator and was a candidate for vice president when MClellan ran for president.

An agent of an English syndicate is seeking for options on all the threshing machine factories of the United States. They will be after the bakeries next and have control of bread, as they are getting control of the beer. Happily the distilleries are still our own, and with whisky we retain a great relic of our freedom.

Married.

On the 12th inst., by Rev. W. H. Stover Mr. Reuben O. Bracht, of Penn township, and Miss Mary L. Gates, of Poe Mills,

On the 17th inst., by the same, Mr. W. H. Oyster and Miss Lula Weaver, both of Penn township.

On the 17 inst., at the residence of J. G. Evans, near Penn Hall, by Rev. D. M. Wolf, Mr. W. Harvey Baily, of Penn township, and Miss Zerby, of Gregg township.

On the 26th inst., at the Lutheran parsonage at Aaronsburg, by Rev. M. L Deitzler, Mr. Henry E. Noll, of Millheim and Miss Virgie M. Stover, of Haines township.

Died.

On the 20th inst., Ruth, an infant daughter of James and Kate Winkeblech, of Haines township aged 1 month and 28 days.

I find Ideal Tooth Powder is without exception the best I have ever used. With its aid I keep my teeth very clean and white, which I was unable to do with any other powder I have ever tried before. So says Ferdinand E. Chartard, Baltimore, Md.

By the way, will you buy and use Ideal Tooth Powder? We can thoroughly recommend it. R. E. Nichols, Dentist, Salina, Kansas, says, Ideal Tooth Powder is in my estimation, just what its name indicates. An engraving 20 x 24 is given with each two bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elois Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

STORMS AND FLOODS.

BALD EAGLE VALLEY FLOODED FROM MOUNTAIN TO MOUNTAIN.

RAILROAD BRIDGES CARRIED AWAY AND TRAFFIC SUSPENDED.

BELLEFONTE, PA., Nov. 19.—Over two and one-half inches of rain have fallen here since Saturday evening, which is within one inch of the record of last June. Bald Eagle Valley is flooded completely from mountain to mountain especially in the upper half.

Penn's Valley is also under water in some places. Several bridges on the line of the Lewisburg and Tyrone Railroad between Coburn and Laurelton have been washed away. The water is still rising rapidly and all streams and creeks are raging torrents.

BELLEFONTE, Pa., Nov. 19.—For the past forty-eight hours rain has fallen here almost incessantly, and the waters are very high. Reports from the surrounding country give the flood almost as great as last June. At Willham the water is if anything higher than it was at that time.

There is no railroad communication over the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, all bridges being washed away. No train has arrived in Bellefonte over the Lewisburg road since 9 o'clock this morning, and reports state that the road is being badly used up.

Lock Haven and Clearfield are reported to be badly flooded.

At this writing the rain has ceased, but the clouds are yet very threatening.

READING, Pa., Nov. 19.—The heavy rain which has been falling for the past two days has caused a big rise in all the small streams flowing into the Schuylkill, and the to-night is nearly seven feet above low water mark—as high as it has been at any time this year at this point. The river and canal are all one, and north of Reading whole fields are inundated for long distances. In this bity the Oley street sewer, which was only built a year ago, caved in. A portion of the forge of the Reading Iron Company was flooded, and the employes were obliged to quit work. The Swatara, Tulpehocken, Maiden creek and all other small streams tributary to the Schuylkilly burst their banks and are carrying off the fence posts, rails, etc. In Schuylkill county a number of collieries were flooded, and obliged to stop work.

A despatch from Sunbury says: "There is a seven-foot flood in the Susquehanna here, and the river is rising rapidly. The Philadelphia & Reading Company is making preparations to weight the trestling with loaded cars." Several industrial establishments were obliged to close down because they were flooded.

In Lebanon Isaiah Aniba, a one-armed man, is missing, and it is believed he fell into the Quittapahilla creek, which has overflowed its banks and was drowned. His hat and overcoat were fished out of the water this afternoon.

WEST CHESTER, Nov. 19.—The rainfall here this morning was a terrific one, and the Brandywine jumped its banks in a few minutes, and in several places the approaches to bridges were so flooded as to interfere with travel, and communications between this borough and the Wilmington and Northern Railroad were entirely cut off. Several venturesome farmers, in making an effort to cross in wagons the Brandywine and Chester Valley creeks, narrowly escaped with their lives.

In Birmingham township, at the residence of Mrs. Biddle, a 50 feet high serpentine stone tower, 12 by 14 feet at the base, was undermined at its foundations by the water and nearly one-half of it toppled over, the stone striking the roof of the mansion and doing much damage to the structure.

NEWPORT, Perry County, Pa., Nov. 19.—The Juniata river has been rising since Saturday morning at an hourly rate of nine, six and three inches successively. Its tributaries, two creeks, have overflowed, doing some damage to property.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 19.—At 10 o'clock to-night the river had reached over 15 feet. At Clearfield it was four and a half feet, and was at a standstill at last accounts. Lycoming creek was, this evening, within two feet of the June mark at Cogan Station. Bridges, 1, 2, 8, 18 and 19 on the Northern Central Railway, have been carried away, and all trains have been abandoned.

The Philadelphia and Reading are running trains to Montgomery, using the track of the Philadelpia and Erie. The bridges at West Milton and Muncy, on the Reading Road, have broken, as well as the bridge at Montgomery, on the Philadelphia and Erie road. It is feared that the Market street toll bridge here will go before morning. The water is still rising, and will probably reach 18 feet by to-morrow morning. The logs in the boom have been made secure.

BRADFORD, Pa., Nov. 19.—An *Era* special from Sunbury says that the Susquehanna river has been swollen to enormous proportions by the recent rain, and great damage is reported from the flood. At Milton the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge was in danger, and it was ordered to hold it in place with a heavy coal train. The train had been standing on the bridge a short time, when the structure gave way and the bridge and train fell with a crash into the river. Great losses to lumbermen are reported.

READING, Nov. 20.—The flood caused by the rains is subsiding in this section. The Schuylkill fell from seven and one-half feet above low water mark at midnight to five above this afternoon. Twenty-five loaded canal boats are lying in the Scyuylkill canal, between Port Clinton and this city, unable to get through. A number of light boats are tied up below Reading unable to proceed up.

As far as known there were three fatalities in this section during the flood. Wm. Hill, of Marietta, was drowned in the Susquehanna, while catching driftwood, by the upsetting of his boat. The body has not yet been recovered. It has also been definitely settled that Isaiah Aniba, of Lebanor, who disappeared on Monday night, fell into the swollen Quittapahilla creek and was drowned. John W. Detwiler, aged 18, of this city, has disappeared. He lived near the Oley street sewer, which caved in, and it is believed he was passing at the time and was engulfed and his body carried into the Schuylkill.

The Reading Railroad Company today fitted up a number of freight cars with bunks, and will send them to Milton to be occupied by the carpenters who will prepare the timbers for the new temporary bridges on the Susquehanna, in place of the three structures washed away. As soon as the water subsides, a large force of carpenters will also be put to work in rebuilding the bridges on the Catawissa branch. Philadelphia and Reading Engine 529, one of tho large freight locomotives, which struck a rock near Winfield, is buried out of sight in the Susquehanna. The freight cars which followed the locomotive were swept down the stream. The crew had a narrow escape. It is said that ten seconds after the engine struck the obstruction it disappeared, together with the derailed cars. William Buckalew was the engineer.

"When my engine struck the rock," he says, "she reeled over and made a bee line for the river. I went down with her, and crawled out of the cab window as she slid into the water. I managed to crawl up the embankment, although one of my legs was pretty badly bruised."

WILKESBARRE, Pa., 20.—The floods are putting the inhabitants of the Wyoming Valley to great inconvenience. The Susquehanna river this evening covers the flats between here and Kingston, cutting off communication with the west side and the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad. The great quanity of floating drift coming down indicates that the flood must be doing considerable damage in the country above. The water here is at the 16-foot mark and still raising.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 20.—The river here is a little over eighteen feet and about at a stand-still. Travel on the Philadelphia and Erie and the Reading railroads has been resumed. The trains run on the Linden line, on the south side of the river and passengers are transferred by an engine and car over the railroad bridge at the lower end of the city, the Linden bridge not being safe for trains. The trains are getting through, but are more less delayed. The Philadelphia and Erie and the Reading trains use the road of the former as far as Montgomery and the latter to Sunbury, where they cross the river, each taking its own line there. Three spans of the Market street bridge here went out during the night. One of the bridge crew went down with the first span, but was rescued. The small streams have fallen and all danger is believed to be over. A large number of county bridges have been swept away.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Nov. 20.—This evening at 6 o'clock the Susquehanna river was nearly 13 feet above the low-water mark and slowly rising. It is believed, however, that the flood will subside without further damage. Two spans of the false work of the new bridge being built across the river here were swept away with a heavy body of iron. Cellars in the southern part of the city were inundated.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 20.—The Susquehanna river at Columbia is rising rapidly, and very high water is anticipated to-night. The lumber men are apprehensive of great damage. William Dill was drowned at Marietta while catching driftwood this morning. His boat capsized.

THE NEWS CONFIRMED.

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF BRAZIL.

A REVOLUTION ACCOMPLISHED WITHOUT BLOODSHED.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 19.—The city awoke on Friday to hear the Republic proclaimed. General Da Fonseca, Senor Constant and others proceeded to Petropolis in the morning and informed the Emperor that he had been dethroned.

Dom Pedro, supported by his family, received the deputation with absolute composure. General Da Fonseca was the spokesman. He said that Brazil had advanced far enough in the path of civilization to dispense with the monarchy.

The country, while grateful to the Emperor for his patriotic services, was firmly resolved to recognize only the republic.

Dom Pedro made a dignified reply. He declined to abdicate, but said he would yield to force.

The Imperial family were allowed one hour to prepare for their departure. Carriages, escorted by soldiers, were waiting to take them to the outer harbor, where a man-of-war was lying under steam.

The captain had been instructed to sail as soon as the Imperial family had embarked. He had received sealed orders instructing him what route to take. It is supposed that Lisbon is the destination of the vessel.

RIO JANEIRO, Nov. 19.—The Republic has been proclaimed in all the provinces.

The manifesto of the Republican Government is as follows:

"Fellow Citizens: The people, the army and navy and the provinces have now decreed the fall of the Imperial Dynasty and the suppression of the monarchial system. This patriotic revolution has been followed by the formation of a provisional government, whose first mission is to guarantee order and the rights of the citizen The formation of this government, until a definite government has been named, has been made with full regard to the most competent material. The Government is simply composed of temporary agents, who will govern and maintain peace, liberty, fraternity and order. The attributes and extraordinary faculties invested are for the defence and integrity of the country and the preservation of public order. The Provisional Government promises to use all means in its power to guarantee security of life and property to all the inhabitants of Brazil, native and foreign, and respect for individual political opinions, excepting the exigent modifications necessary for the good of country. The army and navy, the ordinary functions of the Department of Justice, the Civil and military administrations, will continue under their existing organizations, and respect for those holding position will be maintained. The Senate and State Council are abolished and the Chamber of Deputies are dissolved. The Provisional Government recognizes and acknowledges all national compromises under the late Government, and all agreements with foreign powers. The public debt, internal and external, will be respected; also all existing contracts and obligations legally made.

DEODORO FONSECA,
"Chief of the Provisional Government."

Empero Dom Pedro made the following reply to the communication of the new Government, informing him of his deposition:

"In view of the address handed me on the 17th inst., at 3 o'clock P. M., I resolve to submit to the command of circumstances, to leave, with all my family, for Europe to-morrow, leaving this beloved country which I have tried to give firm testimony of my affectionate love and my dedication during nearly half a century as Chief of the State. I will always have kindly remembrances of Brazil and hopes for its prosperty.

D. PEDRO DE ALCANTARA."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—A freight train on the Philadelphia and Reading railroad ran into a landslide at Winfield, near Shamokin, Pa., on the morning of the 19th. The engine and twenty cars were thrown from the track into the Susquehanna river. Several of the train men are injured. The engine and cars are buried in the river. The heavy rains of the past several day caused the accident.

—Robert Crockett has been arrested in St. Joseph, Missouri, on the charge of passing five dollar bills "so like the genuine as to deceive even the experts" He is one of the most noted counterfeiters in the West.

—William E. Shannon has been convicted in Baltimore of manslaughter for killing Annie R. Poe, a woman of bad repute. Frederick Brunning and wife were found dead in bed in their house at Prescott, Ontario, on the morning of the 20th. There were marks of violence on the woman's head, but none upon the man. It is supposed he killed her and then committed suicide. The couple was about 40 years of age, and were of dsipated habits. John Highland, a packing house employe in Kansas City, Missouri, was shot and mortally wounded by some unknown person, on the evening of the 19th as he was locking the door of the house where he boarded, before going to bed. One of two men on the opposite side of the street was heard to say: "There he is; let him have it," and the shot followed. It is supposed Highland was mistaken for the boarding house proprietor by men who had a grudge against the latter.

—Tho engine and one car of a Perth Amboy train, on the Long Branch Railroad were over turned at Elizabethport station on the 20th, by spreading rails. The engineer, Isaac Stoddard, was badly injured.

—Six men were injured in Williamsport, Pa, on the afternoon of the 20th, while working on the Pennsylvania Railroad bridge, at the eastern end of the city, by a heavy timber falling on them. Anthony Catrap was so badly injured that he died in a short time.

—Eugene Stroy has been arrested and placed in jail in Lexington, Mississippi, for the murder of P. B. Kleinfelder. Kleinfelder was traveling alone and unarmed through a plantation when shot.

—A terrific wind storm from the Southwest struck Newbern North Carolina, at one o'clock on the afternoon of the 21st, levelling the plate and pulp factory of S. H. Gray. There were sixty persons in the building One of them was killed and nine injured, one mortally. Houses were unroofed, and trees, fenees and chimneys blown down.

—Henry Perkins, wife and children were found in their beds in Frederick, Maryland, on the morning of the 21st in an unconscious condition from inhaling coal gas. At last accounts they had not recoverd. Frank Foster attempted to shut off an electric light in Gloucester, Massachusetts, with an iron gaff, on the evening of the 20th, and was instantly killed.

—Mrs. Nathan Strang filled two tumblers with a solution of Paris green at her home in Moserville, Michigan, on the evening of the 20th, during the absence of her husband, and, handing one to her daughter, a handsome girl of 18, and taking the other herself, she drank her own dose and forced the girl at the muzzle of a revolver to swallow the fatal draught. On her husband's return she told him what she had done. A doctor was summoned, but his efforts were of no avail. Mrs. Strang died at midnight in horrible agony, and Maud an hour later. The insanity which led to the act has been clearly marked for about two weeks.

—William Bogh and Frank Burger were killed near Catasauqua, Pa., on the morning of the 21st by the premature explosion of a blast in a quarry. An explosion of mine gas occurred on the 21st at Beechwood Colliery, near Pottsville, fatally injuring James Kelly and Patrick Haughney, and severely burning five or six others. James Brennan and three others were burned, Brennan perhaps fatally, by an explosion of firedamp in a colliery at Edwardsville, near Wilkesbarre, on the evening of the 21st.

Among the latest novelties in silver match cases is one in imitation of a chimney. The worn bricks are represented by oxidizing.

The Great Procession.

Did you ever happen to think, when dark
Lights up the lamp outside the pane,
And you look through the glass on that wonderland
Where the witches are making their te. in the rain,
Of the great procession that says its prayer
All the world over and climbs the stairs,
And goes to a wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems

All the world over at eight o'clock,
Sad and sorrowful, glad and gay,
These with their eyes as bright as dawn,
Those almost asleep on the way,
This one capering, that one cross,
Plaited tresses, or curling floss,
Slowly the long procession streams
Up to the wonderland in dreams.

Far in the islands of the sea
The great procession takes up its way,
Where, throwing their faded flower-wreaths down,
Little savages tire of play;
Though they have no stairs to climb at all,
And go to sleep wherever they fall
By the sea's soft song and the stars' soft gleams
They are off to the wonderland of dreams,

Then the almond lids of the Tartar boy
Droop like a leaf at the close of day;
And her mat is pleasant as clouds of down
To the tawny child of the Himalay;
And the lad on the housetop at Ispahan
Sees night, while the rose-breaths around him fan,
Lead up from the desert his starry teams
And mount to the wonderland of dreams.

Still westward the gentle shadow steals,
And touches the head of the Russian maid,
And the Vikings' sons leave wrestle and leap,
And Gretchen loosens her yellow braid.
And Bess and Arthur follow along,
And sweet Mavourneen at even-song,
All mingling the morrow's hopes and schemes
With those of the wonderland of dreams.

The round world over, with dark and dew,
See how the great posess'on swells;
Hear the music to which it moves.
The children's prayers and the evening bells,
It climbs the slopes of the far Azores,
At last it reaches our western shores,
And where can it go at these extremes
But into the wonderland of dreams.

Hurrying, scampering, lingering, slow,
Ah, what a patter of little feet!
Eyelids heavy as flowers with bees,
Was ever anything half so sweet?
Out of the tender evening blue—
I do not believe it has come for you
To be off to the wonderland of dreams,
Where nothing at all is just what it seems.
—*Harriett Prescott Spofford, in St. Nicholas.*

SIMON DARSE' CRUTCH.

"To my beloved niece, Irene Dare Benson, for her long faithful nursing during my illness, I leave every article of furniture, jewelry, ornament or clothing, in my bedroom at the time of my death, including the crutch I have so often thrown at her head when she was inclined to be lazy. And this last piece of property I solemnly charge her to keep till death, never allowing it to go out of her possession, for my sake."

It was not a very magnificent legacy, but Irene Benson accepted it gratefully, having received a liberal and punctual salary for the services mentioned in her uncle's will. The room, familiar to her as her own, after six months of duty there, as her uncle's nurse, was handsomely furnished, and having been sitting-room as well as bedroom for the invalid for many years, contained books paintings, ornaments and articles of value, such as a man of wealth collects around him.

All these made Irene's cottage home very bright when they were distributed over many small rooms, instead of crowding one large one. And the Wilton carpet was, Irene declared, furniture enough in itself for her parlor and sittingroom.

"After all," Harry Benson said, contentedly, when Irene sat beside him on the first evening of her return, and they contemplated the improvements around them, "I only wanted you at home again. It has been desolate here since you left, and if your uncle had not been so very old and helpless, I should never have let you go to him."

"He had such a nervous horror of a merely hired nurse," said Irene, "that I believe it would have shortened his life to have one."

"And he gave you a good salary?"

"Yes," Irene said, slowly, "but——"

"Well?" Harry said, after a long pause.

"I can tell you dear, what I would not mention to any one else living. Uncle Simon told me two weeks ago, when he was so very low, that I would know soon that I was his favorite of all the nieces and nephews. And yet Jerome will have the house, and each of the others ten thousand dollars. I do not think my share is worth so much as that."

"I think not," was the reply. "But perhaps he thought the articles left to you would be precious to you on account of association, and the fact he so constantly used them."

"Especially the crutch," said Irene, with a rippling little laugh. "He did throw it at my head lots of times."

"The old heathen!"

"Hush, dear! he is dead! And he was very kind and considerate when he was not half insane with agony. The books and paintings are valuable, and the parlor is magnificent, with the lounge and table, the book case and pictures, not to mention all the ornaments on the mantlepiece and etagere."

"Very magnificent; and no one can deny the improvement in the other rooms. And, after all, Irene, we never measured our feet for 'dead men's shoes.'"

They were a cheery young couple, not very long married, when Simon Dare called for his favorite niece's services to nurse him in his last illness, and they were heartily glad to be together again in their own cozy house. It was a "second honeymoon," Harry declared, as they chatted together like lovers all the evening; and if at first, he was a little disappointed in his wife's legacy, he was soon well content.

Books were expensive, and difficult to procure in the small town where the Bensons had their home, and there was a mine of pleasure found upon the well-filled shelves of Uncle Simon's book case; and if the taste of the young couple had not been cultivated by travel or study, they could appreciate the beauty of the exquisite paintings and ornaments around them.

But trouble comes into lovely homes and stately ones; into happy hearts and sad ones; and when Simon Dare had been three years dead, deep sorrow had fallen upon Harry Benson and his wife. Two children, one a toddling boy, and one an infant were Irene's joy and care, and only happiness had come into her home, when her husband was brought home severely injured, crushed under a heavily laden dray.

He had slipped upon the ice, striking his head, and his right leg had gone directly under the wheels. The driver was nearly frantic.

"Indade, ma'am," he said to the white, trembling wife, "he slid right under the wheels, like lightning. If it had been me own mother, I couldn't a' stopped the horses!"

His heartfelt regret, however, prompted him to great usefulness. He went for the physician, and it was his rough but kindly hand that undressed the wounded man—tenderly as a woman—and aided the doctor in the operation of amputating the crushed leg.

The blow upon the head proved a still more serious injury than the other, and Irene had to abandon all other duty and devote herself entirely to the care of her husband. A nurse had to be engaged for the care of the children, and all household matters left to the servant before employed in the kitchen. Weary weeks passed, during which Harry passed from the violent delirium of brain fever to utter prostration and stupor appallingly like death.

Little by little the nest egg at the bank melted away, and there was no weekly salary coming in to replace it, while the breadwinner lay helpless and unconscious. But Irene had no thought but one of deep gratitude when at last her husband looked into her face with reason-lighted eyes, and smiled when he pressed his lips to hers.

"Out of danger," the doctor said, and had no wonder in his face, when Irene broke down in hysterical, thankful weeping.

Jerome Dare, who had inherited his uncle's house, was an artist, had long coveted a "Reynolds" in his cousin Irene's share of the property, and she gladly parted with it for about a quarter of its value, to keep the wolf still from her cottage door until Harry could sit up and they could make plans for the future.

Ah, that future! All Irene's bravery and christian faith could not throw light across its darkness. The house was Harry's, so they were sure of a home.

"And I'll soon learn some trade for my hands alone," the crippled man said, cheerfully, as he caressed the little hand nestling in his. "We won't starve, dear love."

"I do not fear that," was the quick reply.

"If only I had a crutch," Harry said, "I would try how nearly it would take the place of the poor leg I lost."

"You forget that I have one," said Irene, opening a closet and rummaging till she found her long hidden legacy. "Here it is. Only"—and she held it out of the reach of Harry's outstretched hand—"You must promise not to throw it at my head."

"I promise. I never thought we should want that portion of your uncle's legacy."

It was not easy for Harry, weakened by his long illness, to use the crutch, but by practicing a little every day, he gradually became more accustomed to the novel style of locomotion. From bedroom to sittingroom, parlor, dining room and kitchen, his travels extended, until by the time warm weather came, he could hobble out to the porch and sit in the great easy chair rolled out for him, to receive the congratulations of friends upon his appearance in the outer world.

But after Harry could so far help himself, Irene dismissed her extra servant, and resumed her long neglected nursery and household duties. Her husband, still feeble, often suffering, missed her constant presence in the room, finding even his favorite volumes wearisome when there was no one to listen to the passages, or read aloud when his eyes ached.

Alone, the courageous spirit which prompted bright words of hope for his dearly loved wife, often dropped and died, as he brooded despondently over his crippled condition, and the long interval of time that must elapse before he could train his fingers in any useful employment.

The good salary he had commanded as a popular salesman in a wholesale house must be exchanged for meager earnings in unaccustomed handicraft, to which his inexperienced fingers must serve a long apprenticeship.

He was sitting upon the porch in one of Simon Dare's softest cushioned chairs one lovely spring morning, watching his son Eddie tumbling about on the grass, while the baby, strapped in her carriage, crowed at his antics. Even the sunshine and the gleeful laugh of the babies could not dispel the heavy cloud over Harry Benson's heart, as he murmured:

"How soon shall we all go to the almshouse? I wonder if I could walk to the gate. I shall go mad if I sit here brooding much longer."

He reached out his hand for the crutch, and drew it back hastily as something in the kid handle pricked him.

"Eddie has put a pin there," he thought, looking at the kid.

But there was no pin. Instead he saw a sharp corner of a stiff folded paper sticking through a break in the cover of the crutch handle.

His hand trembled violently as a wild hope sprang into his heart. Simon Dare's promise to Irene, the solemn charge in the will never to let the crutch pass from her keeping, both rushed to his mind with significance.

"Eddie! Eddie!" he called, "run round to the kitchen door and tell mamma I want her."

"She comin' erectly," was the answer, "soon's ever sho puts e puddin' in e fire."

"Irene, my penknife!" was the order, as a hasty step was followed by Mrs. Benson's appearance.

The penknife was quickly found, the slit in the kid carefully enlarged till the whole top of the handle was uncovered, and the paper carefully folded to fit there, disclosed.

It was still a moment or two before four trembling hands could unfold the treasure; but when at last it lay open before their eyes, it proved to be a United States bond, for twenty thousand dollars, made out to "Irene Dare Benson," with the coupons for four years attached.

A slip of paper folded inside the bond contained these words:

"You do not need this now. As I write, you are prosperous and happy, but in ten years, if you have not leaned upon my crutch, my lawyer will give you a letter bidding you seek in it for my legacy. If you have needed the support of the lame, you may also need the money it hides. Remember, too, that, although I often threw my crutch at your head, I was very careful never to hit you."

"He never did hit me," Irene said, lifting her moist eyes from the note "and though he was often gruff and cross, he was very kind to me. Now, darling, you will soon be quite well. We can afford a carriage for daily driving, and you need no longer suffer from the mental anxiety the doctor told me was keeping you ill. You need worry no longer, dear."

"Not one bit, my sunbeam; but a great want still presents itself to me."

"What is that?"

"A piece of new kid, tacks, and a hammer to repair the damage to Uncle Simon's crutch."

Heathen Gods in Her Ears.

A physician of my acquaintance was called in recently to see an old lady who resides in her own house in the Third ward. It was his first call, and he had never seen the lady before. She lay on a couch, neatly attired, with her gray hair in a cluster of small curls at each side of her head.

"Doctor," she said, "I have sent to consult you on a very serious matter. I have for a long time suffered from pains in the head, and have consulted many physicians without receiving any benefit. Yesterday I accidentally swallowed a fish-bone and while coughing it up felt a singular sensation in my left ear. I put up my hand and drew this from my ear."

She extended towards the doctor a small leaden statue of Napoleon, such as used to be sold on the streets years ago in a little glass bottle.

"You drew this from your ear?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, doctor, I did," was the reply, "and I have been much easier ever since."

The doctor examined her ear and found it perfectly natural. He didn't know what to say, but he thought a good deal.

"I want you to do something for me," she continued, "for I am satisfied there is another heathen god like this in the other ear; for it is a heathen god, I have no doubt."

"How do you suppose it got there?" the doctor asked.

"I think Ezekiel or one of the minor prophets must have put two of these heathen gods in my ears when I was a child. Now, doctor, I want you to prescribe something to bring out the heathen god from the right ear."

"Swallow another fishbone," said the doctor, as he left the room in high dudgeon.

Japanese Politeness.

It is reported from Japan that it is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue on an open space immediately outside the imperial palace in Tokio, and artists were invited to send in designs. One of the latter represented the emperor seated on his favorite chargey, the horse being so placed that its feet should rest on either side of the entrance bridge. This is said to have been much admired by the officials of the imperial household; but when it was submitted to the emperor it was immediately vetoed, on the ground that it was not in accordance with the principles of hospitality and politeness that foreign princes and personages of distinction who came to visit him should have to pass under the feet of a horse bestridden by him.

All men are frail, but thou shouldst reckon none so frail as thyself.

Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness

Both.

Grandmother knit for the baby
A jacket of blue.
"No color for boys," so she wrote it,
"But this one will do."
And she sent a gold pin with a blank for the name,
To wait til he came.
Next day came from lovely Aunt Mollie—
Now, what do you think?
All scented, embroidered, and dainty,
A jacket of pink!
"To dress a girl-baby in blue is a shame!"
She wrote. "What's her name?"
"Dear grandma," wrote mamma one morning
"Your jacket in blue
Is just the right thing for our baby,
His eyes are so blue."
And her note to Aunt Molly was strange, you may think:
Our dear little girl is so pretty in pink."
I fear that you'll say her two letters
At variance seemed,
Or that I'm telling you something
I could but have dreamed;
But the fact is her stories were nothing but true;
For the twins wore both jackets—the pink and the blue!

"L. B. ST. V."

Few of the many thousand who, every season, roam the peerless promenades, the shaded rambles, the sequested paths and handsome grottoes of Central Park, have any conception of the amount of real-life romance which has been enacted in some of the now celebrated localities. Yet, in this respect, the park teems with dramatic interest.

The "Mall" has had its mishaps and mysteries; the "Lake" its love-episodes; the "Ramble" its rhapsodies of love and rivalry; and the "Music-Stand" its monographs of melody, in which beating hearts were mingled with the rhythmic strains. The gilded gondolas have been hallowed by many an episode of human passion as wild and poetic as ever lingered along the lagunes of Venice; and especially the "Cave"—the subject of the present sketch—has been the theatre of a little drama well worth the telling.

I may as well state that most of the facts which form the groundwork of this narrative have been obtained by conscientious inquiry among the detectives and other officials connected with Central Park.

I was awakened to the interest of my subject while exploring the "Cave," which those who are at all familiar with the Park will remember, is situated in the northwestern corner of that portion below the Reservoir.

High up on the dripping wall of this romantic cavern I discovered, by the merest accident, the initials "L. B. St. V." They were rudely traced and scarcely legible, and I should have thought nothing of them but for a connecting circumstance, which, as I subsequently learned by the newspapers, had occurred in the vicinity of the Cave on the evening preceding my visit. A narrow stream of water crosses the park near this point, making its way through arches of masonry underneath the roads. Beneath one of these arches, or tunnels, where the water has great rapidity and a depth of over six feet, the body of a man was found. The description of the body, as exhibited to the coroner's jury, was that the deceased appeared to have been a foreigner, was well dressed, and bore upon the right arm below the elbow, pricked in India ink, the initials "L. B. St. V."

A verdict of suicide by drowning was rendered, and though several days elapsed between the finding the disposition of the remains and my perusal of the account, I remembered the initials I had seen in the Cave, and my curiosity was instantly aroused. I at once applied to one of the park officials, who was also an intimate acquaintance of mine, and mentioned the coincidence.

His brow wore a troubled look, and he said with some hesitation:

"The body of the supposed suicide is already buried; but I always had a suspicion of foul play—though for what reason I can scarcely tell. Here, however, is a paper which was found upon the body of the unfortunate man. You are welcome to it, on condition that you never reveal who gave it to you; for I care not to explain how it came in my possession."

I gave the promise eagerly, and took the paper, which, however, only contained some stanzas, written in French, that were signed "Louis B. St. Vaux,"

Taking up this light clew, I succeeded, after the most persistent inquiry and dilligent investigation, in collecting the facts for the following story:

A romantic affection having sprung up between Louis St. Vaux, a poor young artist struggling hard for fortune and recognition in the new world, and Miss Augusta Von——, the only daughter of a wealthy Prussian banker, doing business in New York, and residing in one of the aristocratic transverse streets not far from the park, clandestine meetings were frequently contrived in the Ramble and other secluded parts of the park.

The father and brothers of the young lady were decidedly opposed to the young man's aspirations to her hand. Upon the approach of threatened hostilities between France and Prussia, this opposition became so bitter and personal that St. Vaux was peremptorily commanded to discontinue his visits to the house, and Miss Augusta was virtually kept a prisoner in her own room.

But love will probably continue to laugh at locksmiths. At any rate he did so in this instance.

The young artist, after arguing, but in vain, that he himself was a political exile from his native country, suddenly ceased to haunt the neighborhood of his sweetheart's residence, and it was rumored that he had, in a fit of desperation, returned to France to join the army, which at that time was in a bustle of preparation, in anticipation of war. The young lady's health grew so precarious through anxiety of mind and frame that she was permitted, every morning and evening, to take long walks in the park, in which she was always accompanied by her maid, a young German girl of about her own age.

The result, as may readily be imagined, was almost daily meetings of the lovers; the rumored return of the youth to his native country having been a mere ruse, promulgated by himself to throw his persecutors on their guard.

But Augusta recovered her health and spirits so rapidly as to excite suspicion on the part of her father and brothers. Her movements were watched so jealously that the interviews again became few and far between, and then not unattended with danger.

At one of these however, an elopement was agreed upon. St. Vaux, it was arranged, was to keep entirely out of sight for a week or ten days, to once more allay suspicion; then, when he had perfected arrangements for the elopement, he was to let Augusta know when to meet him at the Cave, by sending her some piece of writing (unsigned), which, however—so as to prevent discovery, in the event of its falling into the wrong hands—was to contain nothing from which their intentions could be constructed. The lady was to know the author of the missive by the handwriting, and to understand by its receipt that her lover was to have a coach in waiting, in the immediate vicinity of the Cave, at about dusk; and if everything was propitious for the tryst, she was to signify as much by signing his (not her) name to the paper received, and dispatch a messenger to drop it in the Cave at once.

This was certainly rather a bungling way of conducting the intrigue; but they were simple foreigners, young and inexperienced, and probably thought that the more complicated their plot the less likelihood would there be of discovery.

So, on the morning of what must have been the day preceding my visit to the Cave, a folded paper was thrown into the garden adjoining the Prussian banker's house.

As luck would have it, it was first perceived by one of the young lady's brothers. He picked it up and read it—for the family were quite as conversant with the Gallic as with their native tongue—reflected over the contents, and then, after replacing the paper on the bush which it had fallen, retired to confer with his father and brother.

A little later the missive was found by the lady's maid, and speedily found its way into the hands of the trusting fair one for whom it was intended.

I am satisfied that that piece of writing was identical with the paper which I now hold in my hand, and of which I proffer a free translation.

It is written in a bold, nervous hand, and is called:

AT THE TRYST.

"The splendors born of the roseate morn
Through the gates of my grotto peep,
And my soul is bright with a rapt delight,
As my lonely tryst I keep.
But the drops that fall from the Cave's dark wall,
They seem to be tears that weep
For the lips that were kissed in a tender tryst,
In the grotto dark and deep—
For the love that was born on a rosier morn
In the grotto dark and deep.

"With a hand of flame, I carve my name
On the hard and rocky side—
Hard and cold as the men of gold
Who would wrest from his bosom its bride;
And dream of the day, when far away.
By a lover's true knot tied,
Thy sweet name—thine!—shall be linked with mine,
As my own, my peerless bride—
Be linked with mine as the wild vines twine,
Forever and ever my bride!

"I hear without the laughter and shout
Of those who their pastime take,
And the rattle of wheels, and the lisp of keels
That cleave the blue breast of the lake.
From flower to flower, in rose-leaved bower,
The wild-tongued birds awake.
With echoes that start from my lonely heart,
Which, but for thy beauty, would break—
With a wild unrest in my aching breast,
Which, but for thy goodness, would break!

"Dark, lonely grot, whate'er my lot—
Rapture, or death, in thee—
A hideous tomb, or a life of bloom,
Triumphant and happy and free—
Thy walls so bare my name shall wear
As a sad memento of me,
To all loving ones under steadfast suns,
And to strangers from over the sea—
To the buoyant youth and the trust and truth
That may here lie buried with me!"

The name appended to the stanzas, "L. B. St. Vaux," is in a delicate, feminine caligraphy, and must have been written in the full confidence that the lady would meet with no obstacle in keeping her appointment. She found her sire and brothers unusually kind and affable to her at the breakfast-table. They lounged out carelessly to proceed to their down-town business, and appeared to have wholly given up any idea of espionage; so the lady's maid was immediately dispatched to the Park, and the paper was dropped into the Cave, as had been agreed.

That evening, when the last flash of sunset had faded from the sky, and the twilight was fast deepening over the lonely landscape. Louis St. Vaux paced the rocky floor of the narrow grotto with restless steps. He had managed to raise a sum of money from his friends; a coach was waiting on Eighth avenue, directly on a line with his position, scarcely three hundred yards away; the services of a minister had been engaged; and everything was in readiness for the elopement.

Still he felt anxious and uneasy. It had been over a fortnight since he had beheld his beloved Augusta, and even now something might intervene to prevent her from keeping her tryst.

But no. A low, sweet voice whispered from above, and he saw a slender, vailed figure coming cautiously down the rough-hewn steps leading to the Cave.

He sprang forward to assist her, and, the next instant, the lovers were locked in each other's arms.

"Dearest Augusta!" said Louis, after swift explanations had taken place on both sides, "we will yetlinger here till the dusk deepens a little, as some of the pleasure-seekers must be still loitering on the walks above. Why did you not bring your maid?"

"I thought it was the best to proceed alone," said Augusta. "Oh, Louis, let us not needlessly delay! I must have been followed."

It was almost dark when St. Vaux assisted her up the steps, and together they proceeded swiftly down the steep path, and among the verge of the rapid stream, of which I have spoken, toward the western entrance, near which the coach was waiting.

But just where the stream plunged noisily through a dark arch leading under the drive, they were confronted by Augusta's father and brothers—the latter with cocked revolvers in their hands.

St. Vaux started back, but said not a word, and, clasping the now swooning Augusta round the waist, himself drew a revolver.

Before he could use it, it was dashed from his hand, and a blow from behind—for the brothers feared the noise of a pistol report—laid him stunned and bleeding on the turf.

When he recovered and staggered to his feet, it was only to catch a glimpse of Augusta's white garment, as she was being borne up the slope. He uttered a cry and rushed toward them; but one of the brothers—a large and powerful man—seeing that he had recovered, ran back and closed with him, throttling him to prevent his cries.

St. Vaux, naturally of a frail and delicate frame, was trebly weak from the blow he had received. He slipped and fell, with his head and shoulders over the edge of the rushing stream. His opponent seized him by the ankles, and, with a deep oath, plunged his head and the upper part of his body down under the water.

With the heart of a fiend, he held him down till the total cessation of movement in the limbs told him that his victim was drowned. He then cast the body into the stream, which crowded and crushed it down the archway, where it was found by the officers the following morning and submitted to the Dogberry investigation of the purblind clowns who constituted the coroner's jury.

The savage murderer, taking the precaution to secure the pistol which had been dashed from the victim's hand, rejoined his father and brother and proceeded with them to the carriage which they had in waiting for the senseless form they carried.

Whether he told them the truth of what had transpired or not, is a matter of conjecture. but certainly to one of that guilty family must this story—though dressed with fictitious names—go home with cutting and terrible effect; and if the fact of a beautiful and lovely girl—an only daughter and only sister—being confined in the Bloomingdale Asylum as a hopeless lunatic can haunt such inhuman hearts, none of its members will rejoice at reading this story.

Curious Provencal Customs.

Investigation into the customs and habits of the Provencals of our own day discloses," says the New York *Times*, "the fact that among these interesting people there are still to be found vestiges of pagan practices, as they continue to observe numerous peculiarities in their modes of worship and in their social and domestic habits that can be traced back to the days of paganism. Curious instances of this are supplied by the practice of libations, still followed by the peasants of Provence, who, after having concluded some unusual transactions or an agreement of importance, commemorate the event by pledging those present, after which they extend their right arm and turn their glasses down, so as to let the last drop fall to the ground. Similarity, at the festival of Christmas, which is locally known as 'Leis Festos de Caleno' (the Calends), a solemn repast is partaken of, at which the eldest and the youngest member of the family perform, amid the profoundest silence, the ceremony known as the "benediction of the fire.' This act is performed by pouring wine three times upon the burning log, which must be of oak or olive wood. This is accompanied by the singing of some verses, in which the excellence of fire is praised and God is thanked for having given man heat. These verses vary in different localities, but everywhere the ceremony of the silent libations precedes the supper of which the combined household partakes."

MONSTER CANON.

A Description of a Few of Europe's Big Guns.

The recent completion of a 135 ton gun at Essen for the Russians and its shipment from Hamburg to Cronstadt, says the New York *Sun*, after a successful test at the Meppen range, has marked another stage in the making of monster ordnauce. The largest Krupp gun previously made was one of about 119 tons, throwing projectiles of 2,314 pounds. Italy has two of these mounted in a shore battery, and it is for coast defense also that Russia intends to use the new gun obtained from Krupp. It has been said that the next step in advance undertaken by the Essen works will be the making of 150-ton gun, which will throw a projectile weighing 3,000. pounds.

Hardly less interesting than these calibres are the more familiar 110-ton guns of the Elswick work, inasmuch as they are used for the batteries of British ships, as, for example, on the Benbow. This gun is forty-four feet long, or about two feet less than the 119-ton Krupp, and its calibre is sixteen and a half inches. The diameter of the powder chamber is twenty-one inches and she maximum charge is 950 pounds to be used with a projectile weighing 1,800 pounds. With the extreme powder charge a muzzle energy of 62,700-foot tons is expected. These figures show a great change from thirty years ago when the largest cannon mounted on a war vessel threw a shot weighing only sixty-eight pounds and possessing an energy of only 1,000 foot tons.

Still there are not lacking complaints against the 110-ton guns. Those which have been built for the Victoria and Sanspareil are said to have developed serious defects, two out of the four already delivered having failed on the test and one seriously collapsed. A gun of this size costs over $100,000, so that the loss is serious in case of failure. Yet this is a matter that may not concern the government where private works, like those of Elswick & Essen, supply the guns. The makers have to stand the loss if the gun does not come to the contract requirements. There is apt to be much exaggeration in the reports of the shortcomings of heavy guns for Italy, and the Ellswick works have made many 110-ton guns for the Duillio, Dandalo, Italia and Lepanto, besides the 105-ton guns for the Andrea Dosia, the Francisco Lauria and the Morosini. The French have also many very heavy guns although none of quite as great weight as the Krupps and Armstrong.

The Origin or "Hurrah."

"Writing to the London *Times* with reference to the remark of its Berlin correspondent that the exclamation "Hurrah!" is said to be of "Slavonic origin," Dr. C. A. Bucheim, of King's College, London, says: "I presume your correspondent must have some authority for this assertion; but I hope you will allow me to point out that, as far as I know, the word is of purely German origin. It is generally assumed to be derived from the imitative interjection *hurr*, describing a rapid movement, from which word the middle High German *hurren*, 'to move rapidly,' or rather to hurry, has been informed, Hurrah is, therefore, nothing else but an enlarged form of *hurr*, and, as I said of purely Teutonic origin. In Grimm's 'Woerterbuch' we find the interjection quoted from a Minnesinger. It also occurs in Danish and Swedish; and it would be interesting to know when it was first introduced in this country in the Anglicised form of 'hurry.' In Germany it was frequently used during the Napoleonic wars by the Prussian soldiers, and it also occurs in some political and martial songs of those days. Since then it seems to have been adopted also by other nations, even by the French in the form of *hourra*. That the interjection did not become so popular in Germany as a cheer at convivial gatherings as in this country is probably owing to the circumstance that preference was given there to the brief exclamation 'Hoch!' forming respectively the end and the beginning of the phrases 'Er lebe hoch, and 'Hoch soll er leben.' Of late the word hurrah seems to have become rather popular in Germany. It is just possible that the English reimported it there or that it was revived through the magnificent poem of "Hurrah; Germania!" written by the poet laureate of German people, Ferdinand Freiligrath."

Burial Rites of an African King--His Wives Buried with him.

The king of Eboe, Africa, died recently, and, as is customary in that part of the country, the traders from New Calabar went up to pay their respects to the new monarch. The traders were aware that for a short time after the old king's death "lu lu" rites are performed, but they thought that these were over. The deceased monarch's name was Imphy, and to the horror of the English traders the "lu lu" ceremonies were at their highest when they entered Eboe town. The rites had been in operation for about two months, and already about forty people had been slain to appease the "lu lu" gods. The old king was then lying in a grave which had been dug for him. Lying in the same grave were nine of the king's youngest, wives, and their deaths had been brought about in the most cruel manner. Each of the poor creatures had both her wrists and ankles broken, so that they could neither walk nor crawl.

In this state, and suffering the most excruciating pain, the unfortunate creatures were placed at the bottom of the grave, seven of them lying side by side. The body of the king was then laid on them, in a transverse direction The two remaining women were laid down by the side of the king, lying exactly like the monarch's body. No food or water was given to the poor creatures, who were left in that position to die. It is said that death, did not as a rule, take place for four or five days. Four men were stationed round the grave, armed with clubs, ready to knock back with these weapons any of the women who, notwithstanding their maimed condition, were able to crawl to the side of the grave. In other parts of the town further human sacrifices were taking place. Suspended from various trees were the bodies of several placed side by side on the grass. Night had come on, and by the flickering light of lanterns the faces of all appeared weird and unearthly in their excitement and dread.

FORMATION OF GUERRILLAS.

Why Quantrell's Gang Was Organized and Equipped.

In 1861, just after Price had captured Lexington, Mo., seven of his men bound themselves by an oath to stand by each other and kill all those at whose hands they had suffered. They were Quantrell, Haller, the Little Brothers, Hampton, Kelley and Busham, says the Florida *Times Union*. Many others soon joined them. All complained of terrible outrages on themselves or members of their families, and it is more than probable the charges were true, for that was an evil time. Men were whipped, robbed, murdered; women were insulted, outraged, driven from their homes. Each army contained its quota of bad men, and at the beginning of the war discipline was shamefully slack. Then, as always happens in such cases, men with no feeling on either side of the great controversy robbed Unionists and charged it to the Secessionists, and vice versa, and in such heated times each party believes the worst of the other.

The region in which the James and Youngers grew up has had a singular experience in lawlessness. From 1819 to 1854 the western line of Missouri, from the site of the present Kansas City south, was the border between the whites and the semi-civilized Delawares, Shawnees and Wyandottes—that is to say, the line where criminals were safe. The white population of Jackson, Clay and adjacent counties had increased to a few hundreds when the Mormons came in 1833; a year later the "Mormon war" began and raged at intervals for four years till the Mormons were expelled. Eleven years later the emigrants to California made Independence their gathering point, and life became generally reckless. Soon followed the Kansas troubles, from 1854 to 1857. Hatred burned in the hearts of the people on both sides of the line; hundreds of "Jayhawkers," "Red Legs" and "Border Ruffians" were longing to get a chance for revenge. Out of this sanguinary chaos of blood and fire the Quantrell gang was evolved.

Climate and Phthithis.

The question, Does climate cure phthisis? is answered in the affirmative, "beyond question," by Dr. James A. Lindsay, of Belfast, Ireland, in the current number of the "Popular Science Monthly." "It does it, not usually by a single or specific quality of the air or by any definite combination of meteorological conditions" he says, "but by removing the consumptive from the evil influences of unfavorable meteorological conditions and of an injurious soil, and transferring him to a climate where fresh air, sun shine and outdoor life may be enjoyed and their concomitant advantages realized. The best climates to cure phthisis are found at marine resorts and mountain resorts. The best marine resort is a sea-going ship—a sailing vessel preferred—and the longer the voyage the better. Next are oceans islands, cost islands and shore place, of which Algiera, Tangier and Malaga are among the best. Of the dry inland resorts, the best are Nubia, the interior parts of Algeria, the Orange Free State and the vast interior plains of Australia, of which the Orange Free State is recommended on account of its altitude. The mountain resorts have proved most efficacious in cases of delayed recovery from pneumonia, with threatening tuberculosis, chronic pleurisy with much fibroid change, incipient catarrh of the apex and chronic tubercular phthisis, with good reaction and the retention of fair constitutional vigor. They are not good for advanced and much weakened cases; and, speaking generally, only chronic cases with fair reaction are suitable for climate treatment.

—L. N. Schoenfeld, of New York, purchased at the recent combination sale at Chicago the fast stallion Longfellow Whip, 2.20¼, for $1550. He is by Kentucky Whip, dam Bessie Brown (dam of Flora C., 2.29½), by Bird. The horse will be put into the hands of James Goldsmith.

HORSE NOTES.

—Jockey Bergen may ride for the Dwyer Brothers next season.

—The winnings of the Scroggan string foot up to $40,000.

—Dan Honig's winnings for 1889 foot up a little over $30,000.

—The running meeting at Birmingham, Ala., will begin to-day.

—The betting-room at the Elizabeth track is being inclosed with glass.

—Roseberry's high jump of 6 ft. 11¼ in. is now the record for horses.

—The horsemen of General Rapids, Mich., are agitating for a mile track.

—Nearly $25,000 will be expended on a new race track at San Bernardino, Cal.

—Margaret S., winner of the *Spirit* Futurity stake, has arrived safely in California.

—The English horse Indian Prince has been sold for £10,000 to go to Buenos Ayres.

—John Hunter and August Belmont have made entries of the American Derby of 1891.

—It is said that Marcus Daly's $26,000 colt Mascot has shown a quarter in 33 seconds.

—Five of the get of King Rene have entered the 2.30 list this season, making a total of nine.

—Orrin Hickok is anxious to match Adonis, by Sidney, against anything in the country except Johnson.

—Mr. O'Reilly is now sorry he did not accept the $14,000 offered for Connemara by the Dwyer Bros., last winter.

—Isaac Woodruff, the veteran trainer, has left Robert Steel's Cedar Park Farm and returned to New York.

—William Timble, of Elkton, Md., is weaning his prize colt Blossom, and is at present undecided as to a change of name.

—Twenty-nine of the 109 horses which have made records of 2.20 or better this season had no record as fast as 2.30 at the beginning of the year.

—W. P. Maxwell, of Louisville, Ky., has sold to G. W. Poole, of Denver, Col., for $5000, the fast 2 year old colt Pilgrim, by Powhattan out of Ems.

—It is reported that W. H. Crawford will ship his 2 year old colt Constantine, by Wilkes Boy, to California, for the purpose of attempting to break the 2 year old stallion record.

—Gillig, the champion 4 year old of Vermont, is at the home of the owner, W. W. Moore, Shoreham, Vt. His shoes have been removed, and he will be given a well-earned rest the coming winter.

—Alcantara (record 2.23) heads the list of New England sires of 2.30 performers this year, with Empress U. Gene, 2.19; Miss Alice, 2.20½; Ariel, 2.28½; Black Victor, 2.29½; and Montezuma, 2.29½.

—Day, the young jockey who was so badly injured during the last meeting at Jerome Park, is recovering rapidly, taking frequent strolls from the hospital on bright days. It is said that he will ride for W. L. Scott next year.

—What kind of a team Maud S. and Sunol would make it is impossible to say till Sunol has attained her full growth, but if once put together and driven for a record, no grand stand in the country would accommodate the crowd.

—The Fashion Stud Farm, Trenton, N. J., has sold in Kentucky the black colt Moloch, foaled 1888, by Stranger, dam Mystery, by Socrates, to a gentleman in Illinois. Also, at Trenton, N. J., the bay filly Fable, by General Washington, to a gentleman in Trenton.

—Pacing with Running Mate. 1 mile, 2.01¾; Westmont, ch. g. by Almont, (b. g. Firebrand as Running Mate, (Chicago, Ill., July 10th 1884, 1 mile 2.03½ Minnie R. B. M. by J. C. Breckenbridge, (b. g. Firebrand as mate) Chicago, Ill., Oct., 3d 1884.

—The following horses have in succession lowered the 1 mile Trotting Record.

—1806, Yankee, (saddle) 2.59.
—1810, a horse from Boston, 2.58½.
—1824, Top Gallant, (saddle) 2.40.
—1830, Burster, (saddle) 2.32.
—1834, Edwin Forrest, (saddle) 2.31½.
—1843, Lady Suffolk, (saddle) 2 28.
—1844, Lady Suffolk, (saddle) 2.26½.
—1852, Tacony, (saddle) 2.26.
—1853, Tacony, (saddle) 2.25½.
—1856, Flora Temple, 2.24½.
—1859, Flora Temple, 2.19½.
—1865, Dexter, 2.18¼.
—1866, Dexter, 2.18.
—1867, Dexter, 2.17½.
—1871, Goldsmith Maid, 2.17.
—1872, Goldsmith Maid, 2.16¼.
—1874, Goldsmith Maid, 2.14.
—1878, Rarus, 2.13½.
—1879, St. Julien, 2.11¼.
—1880, Maud S. 2.10¾.
—1881, Maud S. 2.10½.
—1884, Jay-Eye-See, 2.10.
—1884, Maud S. 2.09¾.
—1884, Maud S. 2.09½.
—1885, Maud S. 2.08¼; 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889 not lowered.

—Lowest pacing record at different periods.

—1835, Oneida Chief, (saddle) 2.31.
—1839, Drover, (saddle) 2.30.
—1844, James K. Polk, 2.23.
—1849, Dan Miller, 2.23.
—1851, Tecumseh, 2.21.
—1852, Roanoke, 2.18½.
—1855, Pocohontas (wagon) 2.17½.
—1868, Billy Boyce (saddle) 2.14¼.
—1879, Sleepy Tom, 2.12¼.
—1881, Little Brown Jug, 2.11¾.
—1883, Johnston, 2.10.
—1884, Johnston, 2.06¼.
—1885, 86, 87, 88, 89, not lowered.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 28.

WINNERS OF PRIZE FLAGS.

The Pennsylvania Counties Giving the Largest Republican Majorities in 1889.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 21.—Westmoreland and Potter counties are entitled to the two banners offered by Chairman Andrews, of the Republican state committee, as prizes for the nearest approach at the recent election to the vote cast for Harrison for president last year. In Potter county 92 per cent. of that vote was polled, and in Westmoreland 89 per cent. Allegheny county's Republican vote aggregated only 52½ of the Harrison vote, while Philadelphia reached 79 per cent. Pike has the lowest record, 31 per cent., and Lackawanna comes next, with 41 per cent. Lebanon dropped to 45 per cent., Lancaster 45, Chester 51, Clearfield 51, Clinton 48, Columbia 47 and Erie 51. Many of the counties cast only a little more than half of the vote for Harrison. The average in the entire state was 64.86 per cent.

The showing of the Democrats is not much better than that of the Republicans. Had they cast 80 per cent. of the Cleveland vote they would have elected their candidate for state treasurer by a good majority.

WILL FIGHT THE READING.

Mr. Powderly Attributes the Callaghan Suit to That Corporation.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 26.—John Costello, a member of the general executive board Knights of Labor, said to a reporter for The Times: The Callaghan-Powderly conspiracy suit is a fight between the Knights of Labor and the Reading railroad. The latter corporation has masked itself behind the form of Callaghan, supporting him with money and influence.

Believing this, the Knights of Labor general assembly just before adjourning at Atlanta levied an assessment of 5 cents per head on the whole organization as a Powderly defense fund. They say Powderly will be acquitted without trial and will then inaugurate a vigorous war on the Reading Railroad company for its violation of the constitution of Pennsylvania in mining coal contrary to the section which provides that no railroad company chartered by the state shall engage in any other business.

Patrolling for Corpses.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 26.—Four bodies came to the surface of the Conemaugh river here yesterday. One was that of a man supposed to be John R. Day, of Prospect, Md., who, with his daughter, was lost from the ill fated day express of the Pennsylvania railroad at Conemaugh station. So many bodies are being brought to the surface by the high waters of the past few days that a patrol has been started. Men will walk up both sides of the river between Johnstown and Nineveh daily to look for corpses.

Charters Granted at Harrisburg.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 26.—These charters were issued from the state department: Erie Wringer Manufacturing company, of Pittsburg; capital, $12,000. Charleroi Plate Glass company, of Washington county; capital, $150,000; Charleroi Land company, of Washington county; capital, $100,000. Stewartstown Hedge and Wire Fence company, of York county; capital, $12,000. The Morse Baking and Confectionery company, of Philadelphia; capital, $25,000. Pennsylvania Oil company, of Warren; capital, $80,000.

A Piece of Pie Causes a Riot.

NEW RINGGOLD, Pa., Nov. 23.—In a quarrel about a piece of mince pie among the laborers employed in building the new Schuylkill and Lehigh Valley railroad, Edward Ryan was shot three times. The first bullet struck him in the forehead, lacerating the scalp. The second entered his hand, the third his arm. A number of the laborers were badly beaten. Arrests will be made for rioting and aggravated assault with intent to kill.

Trains Running on the Northern Central.

WILLIAMSPORT, Pa., Nov. 23.—The first train on the Northern Central railroad since the recent flood arrived here yesterday and today all trains are running as usual. Since Wednesday five temporary bridges have been erected on the Northern Central and many others strengthened. The work of repairs on other roads is also being pushed vigorously.

Fatal Natural Gas Explosion.

PITTSBURG, Nov., 23—A terrible explosion of natural gas occurred at Braddocks. A frame house occupied by Peter Kelsh, wife and six children was blown to pieces, the front and side walls being thrown down. All of the family were more or less injured. Mrs. Kelsh will probably die, but her 4-days'-old babe was picked up uninjured. Five of the children were badly burned.

A Big Clothing Failure.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 26.—Isadore H. Sultzbach, the clothing dealer at Thirteenth street and Ridge avenue, made a general assignment for the benefit of creditors to Simon Bacharach, of the firm of A. Bacharach & Co. The liabilities are estimated at $225,000, and the assets comprise the stock in the large store and the ground and building.

A Miner Crushed to Death.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Nov. 26.—Joseph Miller, of this place, was crushed to death in Boston Run colliery by a fall of coal. His attention had been diverted by the dropping of a small piece of coal, when a great lump struck him, killing him instantly.

——What he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

——Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Sam Lewins.

1889 GREETINGS 1889

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the unusually full and complete stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

For Men, Boys, and Children, now ready for your inspection at the

PHILAD. BRANCH,

Bellefonte, Pa. The success of our former selections in purchasing has been gratifying, and the same care has been exercised this year.

We offer for sale everything in our line at reasonable rates and ask only

——ONE PRICE——

—the one we expect to get. See the quotations below:

Spring and Fall Overcoats from	$3.00 *to* $18.00
" *Blue Beaver Union* "	8.00
" *Chinchilla Beaver* " *(all wool)*	12.00
Storm Overcoats, all wool	8.00
" " "	10.00
" " "	5.00
" " "	4.00
Suitings from	4.50 *to* 5.00
Fine Riverside and Corkscrew	16.00
" " " "	12.00
Corkscrews	10.00
Children's Suits, all prices	1.75 *to* 7.00
Pantaloons from	.75 *to* 4.00

——o——

REMEMBER, all our Boys' and Men's Clothing is made by the best tailors and the best trimmings used, patches with each suit.

——o——

Merchant Tailoring a specialty. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Perfect fits in all clothing guaranteed or the money refunded. No misrepresetations. Call and be convinced.

SAMUEL LEWINS,

Allegheny Street, - - - - - - - *Bellefonte, Pa.*

SHOT BY A WOMAN.

The Sensational Murder of a New York Broker.

NEW YORK, Nov, 23.—Maj. Stephen Pettus, a trustee and secretary of the Brooklyn Union Elevated railway and a prominent New York merchant and a member of the Cotton Exchange, was murdered by a revengful woman. His assassin fired five shots at him on Fulton street, and they all took effect. He fell dead on the sidewalk.

The murderess was Mrs. Hannah Martin Southworth, a beautiful woman, who had a long standing enmity against Maj. Pettus, and who, on March 29 of this year, met him at the Brooklyn entrance to the bridge, denouncing him as a heartless betrayer and beat him with an umbrella.

She afterwards began a suit for $100,000 against Mr. Pettus for alleged betrayal. On May 10 she again publicly threatened him in the street and was arrested, but after several hearings before Justice Walsh she was discharged on her own recognizance.

Mrs. Southworth was arrested and arrained before the coroner. She was committed to the Tombs to await the result of the inquest on Tuesday next.

Mrs. Southworth was born in Kentucky, and is a widow 35 years old. She claims Pettus some time ago decoyed her to a house of shame, where he drugged and outraged her. He afterwards refused to make the financial reparation which he promised. The friends of Pettus claim that it is a case of blackmail.

ELEVEN MEN LOST.

They Drifted Away from the Wreck of the Manhattan.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Eleven men missing and one man drowned in sight of his shipmates is the record of the collision off Fenwick Island lightship last Wednesday morning between the schooner Agnes Manning and the steamer Manhattan. Seven of the missing men belonged to the Manhattan and one was a sailor from the coal laden schooner, who jumped on the sinking steamer during the excitement of the collision. He was seen on the Manhattan just before she sank.

The full list of the lost furnished by the Old Dominion people is as follows:

William Walker, of West Point, passenger; William Vaughn, of West Point, passenger; James C. Tobin, of West Point, passenger; C. G. Hayden, of Paterson, chief engineer; Frank Lindrose, seaman; Frank McKenna, fireman; Richard Bingham, fireman; Toby Peterson, fireman; Henry Rowan, coal passer; James Rider (colored), waiter; Joseph Davis (colored), second cook.

The last Capt. Jenny saw of the missing men they were drifting away, clinging to an overturned boat. He thinks there is just a possibility that they were picked up by a passing vessel, though he admits that the chances are against it. All the survivors praised his coolness and courage and said he had done everything a skilful captain could to save every person on board.

Minister Pendleton Dead.

BRUSSELS, Nov. 26.—The death of Hon. George H. Pendleton in this city yesterday was due to apoplexy, a sequel to the shock which overcame him last year in April.

George Hunt Pendleton was born in Cincinnati in 1825, and was admitted to the bar in that city. He was a member of the state senate in 1854, and went as a Democrat to congress in 1856, serving for nine years. In 1864 he was nominated for the vice presidency with George B. McClellan heading the ticket. In 1869 he ran successfully for governor of Ohio, and in 1878 was elected to the United States senate. For the last four years he has been United States minister to Germany. He was married in 1846 to Alice Key, daughter of Francis Scott Key, who died not long ago by an accident in the Central park, New York city.

Stanley Nearly Starved.

LONDON, Nov. 26.—Mr. Mackinnon, chairman of the Emin relief committee, has received a long letter from Henry M. Stanley dated Aug. 5. The explorer writes from Kafurro, an Arab settlement on the Karagwe. He details many stirring events since he forwarded his last report in September, 1888. He describes what he pronounces his nearest approach to starvation in all his African adventures in December of last year and sends a graphic description of the timely arrival of a foraging party who brought assistance, though he lost at this time twenty-one of his most faithful followers.

Inducements to Sullivan and Jackson.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nov. 25.—The Santa Cruz Athletic club has decided to offer a purse of $30,000 for a finish fight between Sullivan and Jackson, to take place on the beach at Surfside, Santa Cruz, Cal. Instructions to make arrangements with the principles have been telegraphed to and mailed to a well known New York ex-pugilist. It is believed that the size of the purse will certainly induce the big fighters to accept the offer.

Sale of Dismal Swamp Canal.

NORFOLK, Va., Nov. 26.—Judge D. Tucker Brooks, of the corporation court, has confirmed the sale of the Dismal Swamp canal. The conveyance is in the name of J. C. Short and E. T. Lynch, of New York, who represent a syndicate of that city. Capt. Henry Roberts, who has had charge of the canal for several years, will continue as general manager.

Explosion of a Locomotive.

ROANOKE, Va., Nov. 26.—An engine exploded at Big Tunnel, on the Norfolk and Western railroad, throwing the engineer, Bud Adams, to a bank some distance and badly injuring him. The fireman escaped without injury.

Hecla Iron Works Burned.

NEW YORK, Nov. 26.—The Hecla Iron works and several adjoining buildings in Williamsburg, Brooklyn, were burned last night. The loss is estimated at $250,000, which is fully covered by insurance.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

——If you wish to have a good over coat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins he has them and warrants them. He ell nothing that has cheat about it.

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DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named.

These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults	.25
5	**Dysentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25
12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	.25

SPECIFICS

16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	**Ophthalmy,** or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions** & Eruptions	.50

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Single Rifles, B. L. from $2.57 to $12.
Single B. L. Shot Guns from $4 to $9.

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To make an intelligent test of this, try the following method; Hang a strip of leather in a bottle of Acme Blacking, and leave it there for a day or a month. Take it out and hang it up to dry and examine its condition carefully. We recommend ladies to make a similar test with French Dressing, and gentlemen with any liquid solution of Paste Blacking, or with liquid blacking that comes in stone jugs.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.—(Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Nov. 10, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
" "	Montandon		5 36 a m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 a m
" "	Jersey Shore		7 55 a m
" "	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
" "	Renovo		8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
" "	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
" "	Montandon		10 12 a m
" "	Williamsport		11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
" "	Harrisburg		12 15a m
" "	Montandon		2 03 a m
" arr at	Williamsport		3 05 p m
" "	Lock Haven		4 15 p m
" "	Renovo		5 15 p m
" "	Kane		9 10 p m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
" "	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
" "	Montandon		5 54 p m
" "	Williamsport		7 10 p m
" "	Lock Haven		8 02 p m
" arr at	Renovo		9 00 p m
WM. PORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia		5 34 a m
" " "	Harrisburg		7 30 a m
" " "	Montandon		9 34 a m
"	arrives at	Williamsport	10 30 a m

Sunday Train.—Williamtport express runs also on Sunday.

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
" " "	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
" " "	Williamsport		8 15 a m
" " "	Montandon		9 17 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
" " "	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
" "	Renovo		10 20 a m
" "	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
" "	Williamsport		12 20 p m
" "	Montandon		1 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 p m
" "	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO ACC'N leaves	Renovo		4 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
" "	Williamsport		6 40 p m
" "	Montandon		7 42 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg		9 45 p m
" "	Philadelphia		4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
" "	Renovo		10 30 p m
" "	Lock Haven		11 25 p m
" "	Williamsport		12 25 a m
" "	Montandon		1 20 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 22 a m
"	Philadelphia		6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
" " "	Montandon		2 30 a m
" " arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
" " "	Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD. BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m. 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 45 p m.

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NEWS BREVITIES.

Mrs. Nellie Benn shot herself at Denver on account of poverty and will die. Her husband stabbed himself and swallowed morphine, but will recover.

Six men were injured while working on the Pennsylvania railroad bridge at Williamsport, Pa., by a heavy timber falling on them. Anthony Catrop has since died from his injuries.

The Poughkeepsie bridge will be an important factor in the anthracite coal trade, and the new route via the bridge has already had an effect upon the New England coal market.

The national grange passed a resolution favoring the election of United States senators by the direct vote of the people.

At Philadelphia L. Lum Smith, convicted of libeling Anthony Comstock, was sentenced to six months' imprisonment.

A natural gas explosion occurred in a Pittsburg dwelling and Barbara Eckendorfer, a domestic, received brass which may cause her death.

Henry Denhart, Reo Smith and J. B. Snyder were probably fatally burned by an explosion of natural gas near Washington, Ills.

Burt Gore, of Danville, Ills., an Ohio, Indiana and Western brakeman, fell from the top of a box car at Covington, Ind., and was killed.

Sir Henry James concluded his address to the Parnell commission, and Presiding Justice Hannen announced that the court would not call any further evidence.

William Jackson, a farmer near Galloway, Tenn., got drunk and lay down in a ditch to sleep, where he was attacked and killed by hogs. He had $900 in his pockets.

The president appointed William H. Shelmire to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

Cincinnati has passed an ordinance adopting standard railroad time, and her clocks will be turned back twenty-two minutes.

Wreckage found along the Hudson river near Dobb's Ferry indicated that the canal boat Alice Carley had been sunk. People on shore heard distress whistles early in the morning, and it is supposed there was a collision and the family on the Carley was drowned.

In descending from his balloon with a parachute at Honolulu, Professor Van Tassell dropped into the sea. His body was probably devoured by sharks.

The Baltimore Baseball club has withdrawn from the American association and joined the Atlantic.

Political circles in England are agitated by the reports of the progress of republican sentiment in Canada. In a speech at Toronto Erastus Wiman declared in favor of an independent republic or annexation to the United States.

Two British war ships have been ordered to Rio Janeiro.

The Nagy-Bocskerek (Hungarian) inquiry, which has been going on for the last seven years, with the object of discovering the causes of a large number of sudden deaths that have occurred there, has resulted in proving that thirty-eight of the victims were poisoned. Most of them were married. Female fortune tellers supplied the wives of the victims with poison. Fifty-seven arrests have been made.

The Republican and Democratic members elect to the Montana house of representatives met and organized in separate halls. Both bodies have a quorum, the Republicans having thirty and the Democrats twenty-eight members, including the contesting delegations from Silver Bow county.

Mr. John B. Emery, one of the oldest past grand masters of the Odd Fellows in the state, died at his home in Baltimore, 83 years of age. Mr. Emery was a stonemason by trade and was for many years a large contractor.

While Albert Ogle was hunting a natural gas leak with a lighted match in his mother's residence, at Muncie, Ind., the gas ignited, causing a terrific explosion. The house was blown to pieces and Albert and his sister were severely injured.

THE MARKETS.

Prices on the Stock, Produce and Petroleum Exchanges.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—The market was steady. Pennsylvania advanced ⅛ to 52⅛. Reading was steady. The preference income bonds declined slightly. Lehigh Valley and Lehigh Navigation were strong, the latter advancing ⅝. The Northern Pacifics were steady. St. Paul advanced on the statement of earnings for the third week of November. There was some demand for Huntingdon and Broad Top.

The coal tonnage for the Huntingdon and Broad Top Mountain railroad for the week ending Saturday was 31,924 tons, an increase of 5,132. The shipments for the year to date were 1,111,459 tons, an increase over the corresponding period of last year of 32,451 tons.

Following were the closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	53⅛	Reading g. m. 4s	89¾
N. Pac. com	32¾	Reading 1st pf. 5s	78
N. Pac. pf	76½	Reading 2d pf. 5s	58
Pennsylvania	53¾	Reading 3d pf. 5s	47
Reading	29¾	H. and B. T. com.	..
Lehigh Nav.	53	H. and B. T. pf.	..
St. Paul	71¼	W. N. Y. and P.	8

New York Produce Market.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—Cotton quiet; sales none; middling uplands, 10¼c.; do. New Orleans, 10¼c.

Flour—Receipts, 24,562 packages; sales, 8,500 do.; state and western quiet, easy; low extra, $2.50@2.85; City mills, $4.25@4.40; City mills patents, $4.75@5.60; winter wheats, low grades, $2.50@2.85; fair to fancy, $3.00@4.60; patents, $4.15@5.15; Minnesota clear, $3.15@4.10; straights, $3.65@4.85; patents, $4.25@5.40; rye mixtures, $3.15@3.85; superfine, $2.10@2.80; fine, $1.75@2.50; southern slow, easy; common to fair extra, $2.50@2.85; good to choice do. do., $3.10@5.10. Southern slow, easy.

Wheat—Receipts, 220,850 bushels; sales, 2,600,000 bushels No. 2 red; foreigners buying, otherwise switching steady at ⅛@¾c. decline; December, 83¼@83 5-16c.; January, 84 7-16@84 9-16; February, 83¾@85¼c.; March, 86¾c.. April, 88c.; May, 88¾@88 15-16c; June, 88 5-16c. Corn—Receipts, 129,300 bushels; sales, 440,000 bushels No. 2; depressed, declined ¼c., easy; mixed western, 35½@42¾c. Oats—Receipts, 115,600 bushels; sales, 70,000 bushels; No. 2 strong, ¼@¾c. higher, quiet; state, 28@35c.; western, 27@35c.

Beef quiet, unchanged; plate, $7.75@8.25; extra mess, $7.00. Pork strong, unchanged; mess, $11.00@11.50; extra prime, $9.50@9.75. Lard unsettled, dull at $6.45. Eggs—Receipts, 3,899 packages; firm, quiet; state and Pennsylvania, 25@27c.; western, 25@25½c.; Canadian, 23@23c.; limed, 16½@18c. Spirits turpentine quiet, firm, 44½@45c.

The Oil Market.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 25.—Oil opened at $1.10¾ and closed at $1.10¾.

NEW YORK, Nov. 25.—The market opened at $1.10¾ and closed $1.07¾.

PITTSBURG, Nov. 25.—Petroleum fairly active and firm. Market opened at $1.10¾, sold at $1.10, advanced to $1.11½, and at noon $1.10⅝ was bid.

CLEVELAND, Nov. 25.—Petroleum is easy; standard white, 110 degrees, 7¼.

:-: ROCHESTER :-:

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Remember that our goods are all marked in plain figures, and anything bought of us not perfectly satisfactory when taken home, if returned, money will be cheertully refunded.

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A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Gerrit Sou, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for **$20** a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make **$20** a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over **$25.**" W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as **$20 for a single day's work.**" Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business rakes up grand profits. **Shall we start YOU in this business,** reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. **☞Read—** On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for **$2** each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms **free,** to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done.

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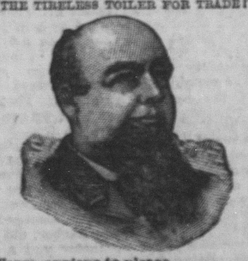

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REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Mediterranean Voyage." Preached at Brindisi, Italy.

TEXT: "*And so it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land.*" Acts xxvii., 44.

Having visited your historical city, which we desired to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Corinth, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers: one, Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, "turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed, I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the Captain. He had been shipwrecked three times, already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinspike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and cut with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters snort in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In the lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of the breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in a tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here, strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from this subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt that young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying, "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb, but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who take Paul out of Fair Havens will be of no help to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with that ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister." They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people who now say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah, my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit, and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if that ship went out of Fair Havens it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in thy days of thy youth, but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But those parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry: "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lips. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through His goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations in your own life of how God delivers His people. I have had illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call a Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece, of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and committing ourselves to the care of Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at 11 o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or to fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom. "Let all that come within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down. Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there, we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsations of the overtasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There were about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They could not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us! Have mercy on us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out, "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on the deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Captain Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wing, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit, I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm, but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the lifeboat on one side. Crash! went the lifeboat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the mast—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of twelve years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am, I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, Thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon Thy infinite mercy I cast myself, and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to Thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining track of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire: "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As a parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morn will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore.
Home at last!
Home at last!

Hindoo Tonsorial Artists

The Indian barber travels from house to house to do his shaving. He carries all his tools under his arm, wrapped up in a cloth, and when he shaves his customer, he makes him squat down on his heels and bend over his head. He then squats down on his own heels in front of him, and the two, without a chair or stool, do the business in the most primitive manner. He usually shaves with cold water, and he is a manicure as well as a barber. No Hindoo shaves himself, and few Hindoos pare their own nails. The barber is expected to take the gray hairs out of your head, eye-brows and mustache, and like his brother he pays attention to cleaning the ears and to shaving the face, even to the corners of the eyes. A high-priced barber in India gets from $1.25 to $2 a month per family. An ordinary shave costs from one to two cents, and a first-class hair-cut is given from one cent to a nickel. It is quite customary in the East for the families to shave their heads when they go into mourning, and in Siam when a King dies all the people in the country are supposed to cut off their hair so close that their pates are as clean as a billiard ball. The head of the corpse is shaved in India, and, while watching a body being cremated at Benares, I saw about half a bushel of human hair lying on the stone steps, not far from the fire. I asked where it came from and my guide told me it had just been cut from the heads of the friends and relatives of the deceased. The Indian barber is a surgeon as well as a shaver. He bores the holes in the girls' ears, and pierces their noses for the nose-ring. He often acts as a professional match-maker, and his wife is a ladies' hair-dresser. She trims the nails of the bride for weddings, and takes off the fine clothes of the widow, and dresses her in her funeral garments. I had these Hindoo barbers meet me at every station in India, and they were always within call at the hotels.—*Courier-Journal.*

Owing to the spread of foot and mouth disease among the cattle in Germany, the chief milk establishments in Berlin are now forced by law to boil their milk before selling it to the public.

Her Work.

How much one person can accomplish when in real earnest is beautifully shown in an article from *The Youth's Companion* which we copy.

About thirty years ago a young girl in a Western city was given charge of a Sunday school class of rough boys, usually known as "river rats," who had never been in any school before. When she entered the room she found them lounging on the desks and benches, wearing their hats, puffing vile cigars, a defiant leer on every face. They greeted her with a loud laugh, and one of them exclaimed:

"Well, sis, you goin' to teach us?"

She stood silent until the laugh was over, and then said, quietly, "Do I look like a lady?"

An astonished stare was the only reply which they gave.

"Because," she continued, gently, "*gentlemen*, when a lady enters the room, take off their hats and throw away their cigars."

The lowest American secretly believes himself to be a gentleman, and in a moment every hat was off, and the lads were ranged in orderly attention.

So remarkable was the success of this girl in managing and influencing men of the roughest sort, that she made it the work of her life. She established clean and respectable boarding houses for sailors and boatmen, and reading and coffee-rooms for laborers, and founded an Order of Honor, the members of which strove to lead sober, Christian lives themselves, and to help their fellows to do the same.

Some of the members of her first class were her efficient helpers for twenty years in all her work. It was a favorite saying with them, "Once let Miss—— get her hold upon a man, and she never lets him go."

She never did let go, but followed him to sea, to the most distant parts of the world, or even to prison, with letters and little gifts. With all the tender pity of a mother, she strove, as many a mother does not strive, to bring the wanderer back to the faith and innocence of his childhood.

Thousands of men passed under this single woman's influence, and learned something of her Master through her wonderful purity and strong faith in Him.

Such instances of helpfulness are not rare in this country. With every year the zeal of educated Christian men and women finds new and practical methods of reaching and elevating the more ignorant people.

Singularly, these efforts are more common in cities than in the smaller towns and villages, where everybody knows everybody, and where the gradations of caste are, perhaps, fixed by stronger prejudices.

Many a young lad or girl who reads these lines leads an idle life in such a village, indulging, it may be, in occasional vague visions of going to India or Africa to teach the heathen how to be Christians; while the wharves or taverns of their own native village are filled with heathen for whose souls no man has cared.

Let every Christian ask himself as the day closes, "Have I stood idle in the market-place? Has not my Master hired me with a great price to do His work?"

Of one thing we may be sure, God does not put our work *for to-day* on the other side of the globe. It is here, under our eyes and touch. We neglect it at our peril.

Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz.

The great increase of stenographic work in this country is partly due to the efforts of a woman who for years has been "hiding her light under a bushel." This modest, though able woman, is Mrs. Eliza B. Burnz, the only female author of a system of short-hand in the world. Seventeen years ago Mrs. Burnz foresaw that short-hand would ultimately be commonly used, and with the courage of her convictions, went to the late Peter Cooper and laid her plans before him. Mr. Cooper offered her a furnished class-room in the Cooper Union free, on condition that she would also give the instruction gratuitiously. This she at once agreed to do, and ever since that time has taught the evening classes in stenography at the institute. Miss Emma Parish, a pupil of hers, teaches the day classes. Mrs. Burnz herself instructs a similar class at the Young Women's Christian Association. She has held the position at the association for nine years.

Mrs. Burnz has probably fitted more young men and women for business than any other one teacher. Her success in that particular has been remarkable. The Phonographic World ranks her foremost among women engaged and interested in the cause of shorthand. The "Burnz Method" is the one used at all the schools over which Mrs. Burnz has jurisdiction.

Mrs. Burnz was born in England, but came here at the early age of 13. She is intensely American in all her ideas, and is nothing if not original. She is a thorough advocate of phonetic spelling, preferring "Burnz" to "Burns" "helth" to "health," also, wil, shal, hav, and giv, to Webster's old style. Although over 65 years of age, she devotes her time to the study of Volapuk, the proposed international language, whose spelling is said to be strictly phonetic. While not a pronounced Vegetarian, she is a rigid hygeist, an ardent advocate of the ballot for women and a strong believer in cremation. She is a stock holder in the Mt. Olivet Crematory at Fresh Pond, Long Island. In character she is high-minded, unselfish and anxious to do good, as opportunity presents itself.

Mrs. Burnz is a delicate appearing woman, with the lofty aims of her life imprinted on her countenance.—From the *New York Press*, Oct. 20, 1889.

New York's Shop Girls.

There are 12,000 shop girls in the area devoted to the retail dry goods trade in this great metropolis. This estimate is given by one who knows, and yet it would appear not large enough to any watchful observer who, morning and evening, noted inflow and outflow of the thousands who spend eight hours of their daily life behind counters. Of this number three of the larger stores have an even thousand girls in their employ.—*New York Letter.*

BORROWING is the canker and the death of every man's estate.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY DECEMBER 1, 1889.

The Temple Dedicated.

LESSON TEXT.

(1 Kings 8 : 54-63. Memory verses, 62, 63.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Prosperity and Adversity.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*—2 Chron. 26 : 5.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Joys of a Full Consecration.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. Praise, vs. 54-56.
2. Prayer, vs. 57-60.
3. Offerings, vs. 61-63.

GOLDEN TEXT: *The Lord is in his holy temple: let all the earth keep silence before him.*—Heb. 2 : 20.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—1 Kings 8 : 54-63. Joys of a full consecration.
T.—2 Sam. 7 : 1-17. Solomon to build the temple.
W.—1 Chron. 29 : 1-19. David's preparation for the temple.
T.—1 Kings 5 : 1-18. Hiram's help on the temple.
F.—1 Kings 6 : 1-22. Building the temple.
S.—1 Kings 6 : 23-38. Building the temple.
S.—1 Kings 8 : 1-21. Dedicating the temple.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. PRAISE.

I. The Dedication Completed:
He arose from before the altar of the Lord (54).
Moses finished the work. Then the cloud covered the tent (Exod. 40 : 33, 34).
David....brought up the ark....with shouting (2 Sam. 6 : 15).
Upon it he stood, and kneeled down upon his knees (2 Chron. 6 : 13).
And the glory of the Lord filled the house (2 Chron. 7 : 1).
II. The People Blessed:
He stood, and blessed all the congregation (55).
Moses blessed them (Exod. 39 : 43).
Moses....blessed the children of Israel (Deut. 33 : 1).
David....blessed the people in the name of the Lord (2 Sam. 6 : 18).
The king....blessed all the congregation (1 Kings 8 : 14).
III. The Lord Praised:
Blessed be the Lord, that hath given rest (56).
Praising and thanking the Lord (2 Chron. 5: 13).
They....worshiped, and gave thanks unto the Lord (2 Chron. 7: 3).
Whoso offereth....thanksgiving glorifieth me (Psa. 50: 23),
It is good to sing praises;....praise is comely (Psa. 147: 1).

1. "Solomon had made an end of praying." (1) The great occasion; (2) The royal petitioner, (3) The heartfelt prayer.
2. "He stood, and blessed all the congregation." (1) Solomon's attitude; (2) Solomon's auditors; (3) Solomon's utterance.
3. "There hath not failed one word of all his good promises." (1) God's promises; (2) God's fidelity.—(1) No failure; (2) Complete fulfilment.

II. PRAYER.

I. For God's Presence:
Let him not leave us, nor forsake us (57).
I will not leave thee, until I have done that (Gen. 28: 15).
He will not fail thee, nor forsake thee (Deut. 31: 6).
Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken (Psa. 37: 25).
Himself hath said, I will in no wise fail thee (Heb. 13: 5).
II. For God's Help:
That he maintain the cause of his servant (59).
Hear thou in heaven,....and maintain their cause (1 Kings 8: 45).
Maintain their cause; and forgive thy people (2 Chron. 6: 39).
Thou hast maintained my right and my cause (Psa. 9: 4).
The Lord will maintain the cause of the afflicted (Psa. 140: 12).
III. For God's Glory:
That all the peoples....may know that the Lord, he is God (60).
That all....may know the hand of the Lord (Josh. 4: 24).
That all....may know that there is a God in Israel (1 Sam. 17: 46).
That all....may know thy name, to fear thee (1 Kings 8: 43).
That he might make his mighty power to be known (Psa. 106: 8).

1. "The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers.'. (1) Experience as a basis for prayer; (2) Prayer as an outcome of experience.—(1) God and our fathers; (2) God and ourselves.
2. "That he may incline our hearts unto him." (1) The heart's natural inclination; (2) The heart's spiritual inclination.—(1) Human hearts; (2) Divine helps.
3. "He is God; there is none else." (1) The personal God; (2) The gracious God; (3) The only God.

III. OFFERINGS.

I. Perfect Hearts:
Let your hearts therefore be perfect with the Lord (61).
Walk before me, and be thou perfect (Gen. 17: 1).
He walked....in uprightness of heart with thee (1 Kings 3: 6).
His heart was not perfect,....as was the heart of David (1 Kings 11: 4).
The heart of Asa was perfect with the Lord all his days (1 Kings 15: 14).
II. Godly Lives:
Walk in his statutes,....keep his commandments (61).
Enoch walked with God (Gen. 5: 24).
My statutes shall ye keep, to walk therein (Lev. 18: 4).
Keep the commandments,....to walk in his ways (Deut. 8: 6).
I will....cause you to walk in my statutes (Ezek. 36: 27).
III. Costly Sacrifices:
He offered unto the Lord, two and twenty thousand oxen (63).
The firstborn of thy sons shalt thou give unto me (Exod. 22: 29).
He shall offer it without blemish (Lev. 3: 1).
Neither will I offer burnt offerings.... which cost me nothing (2 Sam. 24: 24).
With precious blood, as of a lamb without blemish (1 Pet. 1: 19).

1. "Let your hearts therefore be perfect with the Lord our God." Heart culture: (1) Its necessity; (2) Its standard; (3) Its helps.
2. "As at this day." (1) Present devotion recognized; (2) Continuous devotion sought.
3. "So the king....dedicated the house of the Lord." (1) The givers; (2) The giving; (3) The gift.—Dedicated (1) To whom? (2) By whom? (3) How? (4) Why?

LESSON BIBLE READING.

SOLOMON'S TEMPLE.

Location (1 Chron. 21 : 28-30 ; 22 : 1 ; 2 Chron. 3 : 1).
Proposed by David (2 Sam. 7 : 2 ; 1 Chron. 22 : 7).
Prepared for by David (1 Chron. 22 : 3-5, 14 ; 29 : 3-5).
Built by Solomon (2 Sam. 7 : 12, 13 ; 1 Chron. 22 : 6, 7, 11).
Work in progress (1 Kings 5 : 13-18 ; 2 Chron. 3 : 2, 3)
A noiseless work (1 Kings 6 : 7).
Uses (2 Chron. 5 : 1 ; 7 : 12 ; Isa. 56:7).
Honored (1 Kings 6 : 12, 13 : 8 : 10 ; 2 Chron. 7 : 3).
Symbolism (John 2 : 19-21 ; 1 Cor. 3 : 16 ; 6 : 19 ; Eph. 2 : 20-22).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—The "judgment of Solomon" (1 Kings 3 : 16-28) seems to have immediately followed the last lesson, and is narrated as an evidence that God had given him wisdom. Chapter 4 gives details respecting the kingdom, its greatness and resources, closing with a sketch of the wisdom of Solomon. The compact between Hiram, king of Tyre, and Solomon, is narrated, together with the preparations for building the temple (chap. 5), followed in chapter 6 by a description of the actual construction of the edifice. By anticipation the building of Solomon's own houses is next described (1 Kings 7 : 1-12). A cunning artificer in brass, named Hiram also, came from Tyre (comp. 2 Chron. 2 : 14), and prepared all the brazen ornaments and brazen and golden utensils of the temple, all of which are fully described (1 Kings 7 : 13-51).

The entire eighth chapter is devoted to the incidents in connection with the dedication of the temple. The lesson is an account of the closing solemnities. The leading men assemble; the ark is brought to its final resting-place; the glory of the Lord fills the house (vs. 1-11). Solomon speaks to the people, formally blessing them (vs. 12-21); he then offers a remarkable prayer, full of adoration, supplication, and humble devotion, recorded in verses 23-53.

PLACE.—Mount Moriah in Jerusalem, "before the altar of the Lord," at the east front of the sanctuary. The king stood on a scaffold elevated above the court where the assembly of the people were (2 Chron. 6 : 13).

TIME.—In the twelfth year of Solomon's reign (B. C. 1004, or 1006 according to others), the seventh month.

PERSONS.—Solomon and the great congregation.

INCIDENTS.—The king rises from prayer; he blesses the people; they offer numerous sacrifices, thus dedicating the house of the Lord.

PARALLEL PASSAGE.—2 Chronicles 7 : 1, 4-6.

OUR SCRAP BASKET.

The latest Parisian novelty in gloves, has a small purse inserted in the palm wherein women can carry their railway tickets and small coins.

An Eiffel tower in diamonds which has been on exhibition in Paris, may be expected in America soon. It has been purchased for exhibition in this country.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, will spend the winter at Naples.

Isabella the Ex-Queen of Spain, has entered her 60th year, in good health and spirits.

A home is never perfectly furnished for enjoyment unless there is a child in it rising three years old, and a kitten rising six weeks.—*Southey.*

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.—The recent discovery that a "nickel and slot" machine was in use in the ancient Egyptian temples confirms the saying that "there is nothing new under the sun." It appears that in those days the holy water was not free to all, but was kept in a closed vessel. When the sum of five drachmæ was dropped into the top, a valve opened and allowed a small quantity of the sacred liquid to flow out, after which it automatically closed to wait the arrival of the next customer. This device was first referred to in the "Spiritalia" of Hiero, published in the Seventeenth century.

Never dispute with a man over seventy years of age, nor a woman nor an enthusiast.

The first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.—*Puck.*

By the aid of the artist's brush sash curtains of scrim are made very effective. Nasturtiums are showy, and convolvuli lovely upon these inexpensive hangings.

WORDS DIFFERENTLY USED.—Englishmen and Americans use many words differently, but "dirt" and "schedule" are the two words that commonly bear in this country, the former a meaning, the latter a pronunciation, "different to" invariable English usage. An Englishman says "shedule." So did the late Stephen A. Dauglas, by the way but did any other American ever pronounce it thus? And no Englishman says "dirt" when he means earth. "A vile phrase" it is, too. "Fill it up with dirt," "take the dirt road," etc., etc. "Dirt wanted," can or could be read in big letters on a sign erected over some vacant lots in Philadelphia.

NO MAN or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good without the world being the better for it.

THE expression "the long and short of it" is never better understood than when a man longs for money when he is short of it.

FARM NOTES.

HOW THE FRENCH MAKE VEAL.—The French people know how to feed calves for veal, to cook veal, and when and how to eat it. If our veal were as good, tender, juicy and luscious, we should appreciate it better and consume more of it. By proper feeding, the French produce superlative veal, all along from six to twelve weeks. At the first-named period they bring calves up to two hundred pounds and over; and at three months make them weigh over four hundred pounds. The average weight under the best management of the veal-producing districts of Champagne and Brie will reach three hundred and thirty pounds, and bring from $45 to $75. It would indeed be difficult to find similar rapid increase of weight in so short a time in any other country. In fact, the French realize as much money from calves at three months as we do at two years; and probably vastly more if we fed up to that age.

This is their method of feeding: They feed nothing but milk, commencing with six quarts a day for a few days. The cavies are muzzled to prevent the possibility of eating anything else but the milk. The calves are kept in warm, darkened stables. The milk is gradually increased to what the calves will take with avidity. After six or eight weeks, to make the meat white and inviting, from to six eggs are given in the milk.

The color of the meat may be ascertained during the life of the calf by looking at the color of the blood vessels of the mucous membrane of the eyes. If of a delicate light pink, the veal will be clear and white; but if of a dark red color, the meat will be of a dark reddish-yellow color. The meat of calves slaughtered too young will be dark red, and feel slimy when handled. The meat of strangled calves is of a bluish-red color.

ADVANTAGES OF MANY BREEDS.—The past teaches that a multiplication of breeds has resulted more favorably than when but few improved breeds were known. In considering cattle it is found that the breeders produced the beef-producing breeds, such as the Herefords, Shorthorns, Galloways and Angus, by ignoring all other qualifications, while the great milk-producing breeds, such as the Holsteins, Ayrshires and Kerry, have not been given much attention as beef producers. Occasionally an animal will be found that combines large size, hardiness, milk production and butter-yielding to a remarkable degree, especially among the Holsteins, but the breeders of such cattle do not attempt to select them as beef producers, preferring to breed them for the production of milk and butter. The Jerseys have been bred almost exclusively as butter producers, but at a sacrifice of size. To attempt to infuse new blood into them by resorting to other breeds would probably destroy the efforts and labor of years. A general-purpose animal must be capable of living on a coarse diet if required and rival the scrub in hardiness, as well as keep fully up to the standard of all other requirements. With the many breeds from which to select the farmer is more fortunate, as he can take his choice and secure that which he desires.

THE stalks from old asparagus beds should be burned, and a good dressing of manure spread over the ground. Young plants may be set out now as well as at any season, when the ground is in good condition. In heavy, wet soil it is best to plant in spring. Any good, rich garden soil is suitable for asparagus; newly set plants should be lightly covered during winter.

DWARFS, white asters, were recommended for winter blooming by an Illinois florist at the recent Buffalo Convention. These can be grown among roses in beds near the glass, and will bloom when only four inches high. They yield better than carnations, and can be grown more profitably for as soon as one lot of plants is through blooming another can be had in readiness to take their place.

IN a neighborhood where the dairies are small and the people do not understand making butter a creamery proves of great advantage by improving the quality of the butter, increasing the receipts of the farmer and educating the people in the art of taking care of milk and cream. They will also "catch on" to the art of making good butter. The creamery is an educational as well as business institution.

THE younger hog is converted into a more edible product, a commands a better price, is generally ready for a better market, gives quicker returns and requires less attendance. He can be fed when on pasture, the droppings are not wasted, and food is not expended in keeping up animal heat during the entire winter.

THERE was on exhibition at several of the fairs this fall a clydesdale horse, 5 years old, that weighs nearly 3000 pounds, and is 20¼ hands high, 32 inches round his arm, 45 inches round stifle, 7 feet 11 inches in girth, 34½ inches round his hip, and 11 feet 4 inches in length. His head is 36 inches long, and he wears a set of shoes that weigh 32 pounds.

THE form and height of the fence inclosing the poultry-yard should vary according to the variety kept. A fence for a lot of active Leghorns, would be worthless if built five feet high, such as you would use for the Cochins or Brahmas. Wire netting stretched neatly from posts eight or ten feet apart to the height of say eight feet will usually meet all requirements.

COOKING the food is an advantage, but one reason why it is not in universal practice is the cost of fuel and labor necessary to cook the food. A mess of cooked food two or three times a week will, however, greatly promote health and aid digestion.

COOKED potatoes make excellent food for stock. The small potatoes, which cannot be sold to advantage, may be used for hogs and poultry. As an agreeable change for the cow, cooked potatoes are superior to turnips or beets.

Fort Payne, Alabama.

The wonderful growth of this New England city in the South has been such as to occasion exclamations of surprise from all visitors. Surely, say many, the magician's art alone could have produced this great transformation in a few short months. To those who have studied the situation the growth seems the most natural thing imaginable and not at all to be wondered at, though phenomenal.

Of all the flourishing towns and cities of the South this one has attracted most attention, perhaps, for here alone is to be worked out the result of the first organized movement of the capital and brains from the North and East in the development of the vast resources of this region of country.

Here the iron ore of the best quality is within a quarter of a mile of the furnace. Limestone for fluxing is yet nearer, on the opposite side, and the coke ovens are building on the lot adjoining the furnace. A like condition of fortuitous circumstances do not exist elsewhere in this or any other country to insure a cheap production of pig iron. Besides, this country abounds in clays that makes the finest quality of fire bricks, sewer pipe, terra cotta, etc.; in kaolin and haloysite, from which is made the finest crockery and pottery; in sand for moulding and for glass making; in building stone of beautiful colors and shades; in forests of timber, both hard and soft woods; in a productive soil; in beautiful scenery; an abundance of pure spring water, and in healthful surroundings.

Its location is in the Wills Valley, between Lookout and Sand Mountains, on the Queen & Crescent Route, fifty-one miles below Chattanooga and ninety-two miles above Birmingham, in north-eastern Aalabama.

The Fort Payne Coal & Iron Company, having 1800 stockholders, nearly all from New England, with Col. J. W. Spaulding, as President, and C. O. Godfrey (Mayor of the city), as General Manager, located here in February last and purchased many thousand acres of land. At that time the population numbered 531; now it is a city of over 3000 population, with electric lights, water works, and rapidly growing. In that time there has been erected and in process of erection over five hundred dwellings, two large hotels, furnace, rolling mill, lime kiln, asphaltum block pavement factory, ice factory, stove works, very extensive fire clay works, five brick yards, carriage factory, two saw mills, planing mill, two banks, many stores, school houses, churches, opera house, etc. The officers of the company are busy day and night arranging for new industries, answering scores of letters daily received, entertaining visitors and pushing the building operations of the new industries under way. The Fort Payne *Herald*, of August 28th, issued a sixteen page illustrated paper which gives a complete resume of the wonderful growth of the city up to that date.

HOUSEHOLD

Desserts.

LEMON CREAM.—Beat the yelks of eight eggs. Add half pint of Madeira wine, the juice of two lemons and rind of one. Sweeten with loaf sugar to taste. Stir over the fire until it boils and add the whites of the eggs and let it thicken.

ICED VELVET CREAM.—One and a half ounces of gelatine, one and a half cups of wine, the juice and grated rind of a lemon. Mix together and let stand for one hour. Then add three quarters of a pound of sugar, place it over the fire, stir until the gelatine and sugar are dissolved, strain it, and when cold add a quart of cream, beating while pouring it in. When thick as custard, freeze.

FRENCH CREAM.—One pint of milk and one pint of cream boiled together and flavored with vanilla. Soak one ounce of gelatine in cold water twenty minutes, pour over the boiled milk and cream, stirring to prevent the cream from rising. Sweeten, and when nearly cool add a wine glass of sherry and pour out in moulds.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—One half cupful of sugar, two cupfuls of bread-crumbs, three eggs, one quart of milk, one tablespoonful of butter. Beat the yolks of the eggs, sugar and butter together, then add the bread crumbs and milk. Bake a light brown, then take from the oven and spread preserves over the top. (Cherries are best.) Have the whites of the eggs beaten very light, add three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar, beat very stiff and spread over all. Return to the oven and brown slightly. To be eaten cold.

SPANISH CREAM.—One quart of milk, eight eggs, two-thirds of a box of Coxe's gelatine, two cups of sugar, three wine glasses of wine. Dissolve the gelatine in the milk about half an hour. Allow it to come to a boil and stir in the yolks of the eggs and the sugar well beaten together. Let it boil again, and when half cold add the wine and whites of the eggs beaten very light. Pour into a mould and let stand over night. Serve with cream.

ITALIAN CREAM.—Take one ounce of gelatine and put on to boil until it is melted, then strain and let stand until almost cold. Put one pint of rich cream into a deep pan with the juice of two lemons, two oranges, and some of the grated rind of each, two wine glasses of wine and three quarters of a pound of sugar. The cream must be well beaten, or whipped, then very slowly add the other ingredients. Put in moulds and let stand over night.

HAMBURG CREAM.—Beat up the yolks of ten eggs. Add half a pound of sugar and the rind and juice of two lemons and let come to a boil. Immediately pour it into the well beaten whites, stir, and set away to cool.

ANOTHER way is to take three tablespoonfuls of good vinegar, and let it boil a few minutes with the sugar and butter, to take the edge off, then add the pint of boiling water, and the flour which has been rubbed smooth in a very little cold water. With either wine or vinegar a little grated nutmeg is an improvement, but not with fruit juice or lemon juice. The grated rind of a lemon gives a much nicer flavor than the lemon extract, which savors too much of hair grease, although I cannot say that I have ever tasted the latter.

GROUND bone is a fertilizer that benefits nearly all crops, can be applied at all seasons of the year, will not injure any tree or plant, is permanent and lasting in its effects and is the cheapest form of fertilizer in proportion to the benefit it imparts that can be used.

A LARGE flock of hens do not thrive as well as a smaller flock, owing to crowding and competition. The scraps from the table amount to but little when given to large flocks, but for a few hens they are of advantage and greatly reduce the cost.

POULTRY is everywhere the best meat for summer eating, and especially so for farmers who cannot always get fresh meat of other kinds. Old hens past the age of profit will usually be found better eating than a half-grown chickens of this year's growth, unless the latter are of the breed for broilers.

PUDDING SAUCE.—A lady sends a request to "The Household" for one or two good pudding sauces. The following are reliable foundations, and may be varied by the additions of various wines or fruit juices, either fresh or from canned fruits. First, make a pint of drawn butter as follows: Put two ounces of butter in a bowl, and warm until soft, cutting it up with a spoon as it warms, then rub a tablespoonful of flour into it until it is just as smooth as oil. Most cooks fail in this particular. There is nothing much more disagreeable in the whole list of culinary failures than a sauce of gravy full of raw lumps of flour, and whenever there is a suspicion of such a thing, the sauce should be rubbed through a strainer, and then reheated. Have ready in a saucepan a pint of boiling water, dip a little of it into the butter and flour; turn all into the saucepan containing the rest of the water, and boil for two or three minutes. Then add a small cup of sugar, half a cup of wine, or if you object to that, the same quantity of fruit juice, or the juice of a lemon. Just keep very hot until wanted, but do not boil again. This sauce can be made richer by the addition of butter, but is quite nice and healthful as itils.

"O to be dead and done with the trouble
That fills each day with a dreary pain."
This is the moan of many a woman
Who thinks she can never be well again.
"It were better for me and better for others
If I were dead," and their tears fell fast.
Not so, not so, O wives and mothers.
There's a bow of hope in the sky at last,
and it tells you that the storm of disease which has spread its shadow over you will give way to the sunshine of renewed health, if you are wise, and try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It can and will effectually cure all female weaknesses and derangements, and no woman who has not tried it need despair, for a trial will convince her that it is the very thing she needs to restore her to the health she fears forever lost.

To cleanse the stomach, liver, and system generally, use Dr. Pierce's Pellets. 25 cents.

Spent tan bark is used with satisfaction for mulching fall setting of currants, grapes and other small fruits.

Is your shock corn cured enough to husk out? If so get at it before cold weather comes.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75 cents.

If you want rhubarb pies early next spring, work manure from the pig-pen into the soil about the plants this fall.

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now*. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

There are two things that are worth much more than they cost—order and cleanliness about the barns and over the farm.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

Woman haz no friendships. She either loves, despises or hates.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A day in the life ov an old man iz like one ov the last days in the fall ov the year—every hour brings a change in the weather.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

I love to see and old person joyful, but not kickuptheheelsfull.

Frazer Axle Grease.

There is no need of being imposed on if you will insist on having the Frazer Brand of Axle Grease. One greasing will last two weeks.

A coquette in love iz just about az a bottle of ginger pop that haz stood sum time with the cork pulled out.

A pocket cigar-case free to smokers of "Tansill's Punch 5c. Cigar.

So you wish to know what a "stylish" color is, Maud! Well, generally it is the last ugly thing that has been discovered.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

Handsome jetted, patterns in net are used for the fronts and sides of gowns. All these designs are heavy and pronounced at the base, and rise spiral the waist.

Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle

When the European rulers are not talking peace they are arming themselves for war.

A Loving Game.—George—"You seem devoted to that old lady you were with. Is she a near relative?"

Gus—'Hist! I'll tell you how it is. She is the mother of Miss Beautie, and I've always heard that the nearest way to a girl's heart is through her mother's. That's why I'm so sweet on the old lady. See?"

George—"Humph! Yes, I see. I played that game, too, when I was young."

Gus—"Yes, and you married the girl, didn't you?"

George—"True. But the old lady took such a fancy to me that she has been living with me ever since."

The Transformation Marriage Effects.—"Marriage," said Jimson, "makes quite a transformation in a girl. When she is single she is one person; therefore, she is then only half of the person; see?"

"Oh, you're away off," said Simson. "When she is single she is, of course, one persog, as you say, but when she's married she becomes more than one person."

"How do you make that out?"

"When she'r single she's Miss, but when she's married she's Mrs."

A Careful Host.—Country Boarder—How is it, Mrs. Hayseed, that with all the cucumbers on your farm you never have them on the table?

Mrs. Hayseed—The horse is lame.

"The horse lame! What has that to do with it?"

"Well, you see we live 'way off in the country, and it's 'most ten miles to a doctor."

Pleasure and Profit.—Mr. Boniface (of Boston)—But how did you make money, if your rates were so low? Didn't you give your guests anything to eat?

Lon. Beach (of the Seaside House)—Oh, they was Western folksi an' 'bout all they wanted was fish.

"Well, you didn't get that for nothing, did you?"

"Why, you see, the boarders ketched the fish!"

A Fortunate man.—"Yes," said the stranger, "I have made over $2,000 this year by parachute descents."

"You are a balloonist, eh?"

"No, I am an undertaker."

Judge: "You are a freeholder." Prospective Juryman: Yes, sir." Judge: "Married or single?" Prospective Juryman: "Married three years ago last month." Judge: "Have you formed or expresfed any opinon——" Prospective Juryman: "Not since I was married, three years ago."

Visitor—I hope, my friend, that you now see the great error you have made.

Murderer—Yes, I see it clearer every day. If I'd only 'r killed the hired girl, too, there wouldn't have been no one left to peach on me.

In the Chinese Sunday School.—Teacher—"How many are four and four?"

(No answer.)

Teacher—"If a man brings you four collars, and another man brings four collars, how many collars?"

Pupil (promptly)—"Sixteen centee."

The Season of Can—Young Housewife (proudly)—Just see, John; six dozen of tomatoes, all put up by my own little self.

Dear John (sententiously)—How true it is that when a woman wills she wills and when she can she cans.

"I would advise you to buy a better watch; I cannot guarantee this one."

"Oh, it's plenty good enough. I am buying it for my nephew to remember me by, and the worse it goes the more he will have to think of me."

The man who was lost in admiration of a woman afterward found himself in love with her.

A Family Gathering

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or a brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why? when a sample bottle is gladly given to you *free* by any druggist and the large size costs only 50c. and $1.

Get the cabbage put in before the winter. The heads should be covered before the ground begins to freeze.

A Weekly Magazine

is really what THE YOUTH'S COMPANION is. It publishes each year as much matter as the four-dollar monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to the paper to January, 1891. Address,

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

Plums thrive best on a clay soil, and delight in manures that are well rotted and made into compost with muck.

$5,000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories (founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (X-mas) number of GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, published at Philadelphia. Every woman, married or single, should read it. Ready November 15th. All Newsdealers.

Young trees may be planted, and they will be ready for shooting out in spring almost as early as those set out earlier.

Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive cure for rheumatism. This medicine, by its purifying action, neutralizes the acidity of the blood, which is the cause of the disease, and also builds up and strengthens the whole body. Give it a trial.

Yes, dear, we believe they will call the phonograph a she. It always has the last word, you know.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

A Michigan man accidentally put a small cartridge into his pipe along with some tobacco, and when the thing went off it removed the end of his nose.

She Settled It.—The little 7-year-old daughter of a leading physician in a neighboring city heard the question as to what flower would make the best national emblem discussed at considerable length only the other day by a party of guests at her father's dinner table. Each guest had given an opinion and supported it with the customary arguments, when suddenly the little girl woke up.

"Papa," she said, "I know what I think would be the best national emblem."

"Well, Josephine," said the father, "what is it?"

She answered with an air of relief, as if glad to have the question definitely settled:

"The chestnut!"

To the Manner Born.—Mr. Primus—Who is that girl eating so enthusiastically over yonder at the other table?

Miss Secunda—Why, that is Miss Blackhill, granddaughter of the Dakota millionaire. She looks as if she had always had what she wanted, doesn't she?

Mr. Primus—Well, yes. She looks like a girl who was born with a silver knife in her mouth.

Scribbler—When is that review of my novel coming out, Scather?

Scather (professional critic)—Well, to tell the truth, I have not read it yet.

Scribbler—Yet when I brought the book to you you assured me that you would loose no time in reading it.

Scather—So I did. Well, I have lost no time in reading it yet.

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CATARRH
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Long Lost Friend, Albertus Magnus, White and Black Magic, Silent Friend, Book of Nature, Secrets of Life Unveiled, Divining Rod, to find Gold, Silver and Hidden Treasure. Circulars only 2 cts. Address, R. G. STAUFFER, Bachmanville, Dauphin Co., Pa.

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I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease. G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D. Amsterdam, N. Y.
We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction. D. R. DYCHE & CO. Chicago, Ill.
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WANTED A CANVASSER for this town and vicinity. Something sure to take. Write for full particulars to MRS. S. D. ARMBRUSTER, Philadelphia, Woman's Exchange, 19 S. 13th Street.

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Catarrh is an exceedingly disagreeable disease, its varied symptoms,—discharge at the nose, bad breath, pain between the eyes, coughing, choking sensation, ringing noises in the ears, etc.,—being not only troublesome to the sufferer, but offensive to others. *Catarrh is also dangerous*, because it may lead to bronchitis or consumption. Being a blood disease, the true method of cure is to purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured many severe cases of catarrh.

"For several years I have been troubled with a kind of asthma or catarrh in my throat, and had tried several kinds of medicine but could find nothing to help me. My wife wanted me to try a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I told the druggist of whom I bought it that I had no faith in it, but would give it a trial, which I did. I must say I was very much benefited by using it and would recommend it very highly to any one having asthma or catarrh." ELIAS P. DEVRIES, Devries & Peterson, Omaha, Neb.

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Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

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TO WHAT
WE HAVE TO SAY.

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It is invaluable to Germans who are not thoroughly familiar with English, or to Americans who wish to learn German. Consider how easily you can master German with the aid of this Dictionary if a half hour per day is devoted to study, how much benefit can be derived from the knowledge, and hasten to send for this first-class book. You will never regret it.

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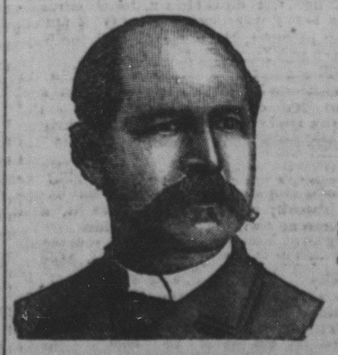
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It contains better material.
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Its great success is due to merit.
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It is the best in the world, and has a larger demand than any other $3 shoe advertised.
$5,000 will be paid to any person who will prove the above statements to be untrue.
The following line of shoes will be found to be of the same high standard of excellence:
$5.00 GENUINE HAND-SEWED SHOE.
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All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 AND $2 SHOES FOR LADIES.
Both Ladies' Shoes are made in sizes from 1 to 7, including half sizes, and B, C, D, E and EE widths.
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"The French Opera," "The Spanish Arch Opera," "The American Common Sense," "The Medium Common Sense." All made in Button in the Latest Styles. Also French Opera in Front Lace, on $3 Shoe only.
SPECIAL. W. L. DOUGLAS' $3 GRAIN SHOE (laced) for Gentlemen, with heavy tap sole and strictly waterproof, is just out.
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.
CONSUMPTION

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 28.

3,000

BUTTERICK'S PATTERNS

o—— AT THE ——o

"THE RACKET."

No. 4 Crider's Exchange, Bellefonte.

All the new things received soon as out. Patterns sent by mail postpaid, at New York price. Add 10c. for postage on Metropolitan Catalogue and 2c on Delineator.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Rain again on Monday. Mud, of course has been trump for 15 days.

——C. D. Runkle, of Philadelphia, formerly of this place, was in town the beginning of this week.

——Rev. A. A. Black, of Boalsburg, will preach in the Reformed church in this place on Sunday evening next, at 7 o'clock.

——George Bushman was unfortunate enough to tramp on a nail, which penetrated his foot about an inch, causing him much inconvenience.

——Rev. Eisenberg has accepted the call of the Reformed charge of Centre Hall, and will shortly make his home here. He is a one-armed man, and an able minister.

— Snyder's shoemaker shop has been removed to the building in the rear of the bank. Repairing and new work done in style, and short notice and at reasonable charges.

— Tuesday was bright, and many folks hit it for a butchering day. The porkers have to take it right and left from cold steel and lead, and the squeal that is heard is indicative of coming sausages.

——Blessed is the man the female inmates of whose family are both able and willing to save him from the vexations of "hired help" in the administration of the domestic economy, says the Altoona *Tribune*. Write out your experience Bro. Dern.

——Mark King, who kicked his wife to death at Hazleton, Pa., was sentenced to six years' imprisonment. Probably he wouldn't have had any more fun if he had gone to New York, knocked down a man and robbed him of 75 cents, but he would have got at least four more years' imprisonment.

——An old well on the old Alexander farm, now owned by F. Kurtz, 2 miles west of this place, which was abandoned and filled up about 40 years ago, is now being reopened and cleaned out, by Reuben Page, and thus far the walls circling the well has been found in good condition, and the old stream will be reached in a few days.

——Merchant C. P. Long, of Spring Mills, with all his success in business, has been made happy by Mrs. Long presenting him with twin daughters, combined weight, 15 lbs. Guess he's as proud now as a prince, and we hope the little sisters will be a continued joy in Charley's household. Next.

——Two more bodies have been found in the Conemaugh river. One is that of a boy and is unidentified. The other is that of a man, supposed to be John R. Day, of Prospect, Maryland, who, with his daughter, was lost from day express at East Conemaugh. The daughter's body was found some time ago.

——A Farmers' Institute is to be held under the auspices of the State Board of Agriculture, at State College, on January 7 and 8. It is the intention of the Committee on Entertainment to arrange for an extra train from Bellefonte if there is prospect of sufficient attendance to warrant it. This committee requests that all who would patronize such a train communicate at once with the Secretary of the Committee, Henry Hartswick, State College.

——The complete program of the National Christian Conference to be held under the auspices and direction of the Evangelical Alliance, December 4th to 6th, has been published and from it we see that our esteemed friend, Dr. Wolf, has a place upon it. The program for Friday, December 6, announces, "Our Debt and Duty to the Immigrant Population," by Prof. Edmund J. Wolf, D. D., Gettysburg, Pa.

——On Thursday night the large bank barn on the farm of the late Wm. Kiefer, dec'd, in White Deer twp., farmed by his son Martin, was discovered to be in flames. It was entirely destroyed, together with all its contents, including two cows, one calf, a two-year old colt, all of his crops of this year, and much of the grain of last year, harness, etc The wagon shed, corn crib, hog pen and all his vehicles and farming implements were also burned. There was, we are informed, insurance on the barn in the Buffalo Valley Farmers' Co., but none on the rest of the property. Mr. Martin Kieffer, therefore, loses heavily. It is thought to be the work of an incendiary. —Mifflinburg *Telegraph*.

GUILTY!

HOPKINS THE MURDERER THUS AJUDGED.

THE PLEA OF INSANITY

The Jury Deliberated One Hour and Ten Minutes and Rendered Their Verdict of Murder In First Degree.

Court met on Monday. President Judge Furst and Associates Munson and Rhoads on the bench. The grand jury was sworn Monday forenoon, and at noon Tuesday it got through with business, as the list of Commonwealth cases was small and petty.

David Rhule for illegal selling of liquor. No evidence found against Mr. Rhule and nol. pros. entered.

The grand jury ignored the bill against Annie Kriner, the girl who was arrested on the charge of infanticide.

The indictment against Abs. Harter for violation of the liquor laws, was ignored by the grand jury for want of witnesses.

THE MURDER TRIAL.

Tuesday morning the Hopkins murder case was taken up, and at noon a jury was obtained and sworn. The court house was crowded with people to hear the trial. Some few months ago the defendant shot his wife and mother-in-law at Philipsburg, this county, and then attempted to shoot himself, but was not successful.

We condense from the *Daily News* report.

Mr. Hopkins was brought into court and was ordered to stand up when the clerk of the court read the indictment to which he plead "not guilty," and wished to be tried by his God and country. The clerk responded, "And may God make you a safe deliverance."

SELECTING A JURY.

M. P. Holter was the first juryman called. Live in Howard borough. Have not formed any opinion in regard to the guilt of the defendant; have no conscientious scruples against capital punishment. Accepted.

George Eckle. Have no scruples against capital punishment; have not formed any opinion as to guilt or innocense of the prisoner. Challenged by defendant.

James Tobin. Have no scruples in regard to capital punishment. Challenged by defendant.

Abednigo Stine. Have no scruples against capital punishment. Set aside by Commonwealth.

Henry Vaugn. Has difficulty in hearing; have no bias against prisoner. Set aside by Commonwealth.

Frank B. Stover. Have no scruples against capital punishment as long as it is law; have formed an opinion as to guilt of prisoner, but not so fixed as but it would yield according to evidence in case. Challenged by defendant.

George Gentzel. Was not opposed to capital punishment. Juror accepted by defendant.

James Turner. Have no bias against him; have no scruples against hanging if it is deserving. Accepted.

Andrew Glenn. Have formed no opinion in regard to guilt of prisoner; have no bias. Challenged by defendant.

Levi Stump. Have formed no opinion as to guilt of prisoner; have no bias against him. Challenged by defendant.

W. C Farner. Have formed no opinion as to guilt of prisoner; have no bias against him. Set aside by Commonwealth.

Cornelius Houtz. Had formed no opinion as to guilt or innocence of prisoner. Accepted.

Mark Mooney. Am not opposed to hanging. Set aside by Commonwealth.

John Gunsallus. Have formed no opinion. Accepted.

Henry Ellenberger. Have formed no opinion. Set aside by Commonwealth.

Wm. Harter. Formed no opinion. Challenged.

George Ocker. Have formed no opinion; have no scruples against hanging. Challenged.

Simon Neyhart. Have no bias against him. Challenged.

Edward Moore. Am not opposed to hanging. Challenged.

S E Royer. Have no opinion as to guilt or innocence of prisoner. Accepted.

Balser Weber. Challenged for cause.

Elmer Campbell. Have formed no opinion as to guilt or innocence of prisoner. Challenged by defence.

The rest of the jurors all answered the questions in about the same way, viz had no bias against the prisoner, and had all read the accounts of the murder in the newspapers, but could make up their opinions according to the testimony. No Philipsburg juror was accepted.

Following are the names of the men who were selected to serve on the jury: M P Holter, George Gentzel, James Turner, Cornelius Houtz, John Gunsallus, S E Royer, Joseph Apt, G R Quick, John Confer, Mark Mooney, Simon Neyhart and Jonathan Packer.

The number of witnesses is said to be about one hundred, none of whom saw the deed committed, and we do not think their testimony worth printing. Hopkins admitted at the time that he committed the murder. The defense will go to the hopeless task of trying to prove Hopkins insane, which will be uphill work; he does not look like it, and scarce any will have such an idea.

The Commonwealth is ably represented by District Attorney J. Calvin Meyer, assisted by Col. Spangler. Wilber F. Reeder, of Hastings and Reeder, is the counsel for defence.

The testimony of the state against the prisoner was mainly as regards threats he had often made that he would shoot his wife and mother-in-law, and that it was a common thing to hear quarrels in the family, that Hopkins had choked and frequently abused his mother-in-law, Mrs. Wigaman. Other testimony related to his attempt to shoot himself at Alport's livery stable, after he had committed the double murder.

Mrs. Jennie Wigamen sworn. Reside near Houtzdale, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins and Esther Wigamen on May last. Hopkins was in their yard when he told me that he couldn't bear Mrs. Wigamen as she was mean and stingy. Nothing said in house at the time; was back again in July; Mrs. Wigamen told me her trouble in presence of prisoner, that prisoner was not treating them right, that he swore at them. Substance was that they were being abused. Hopkins said to Mrs. Wigamen, you d—— old b——h you have told your story; he grabbed deceased by the neck. She said you now see how he abuses me and it is not the first time; Maggie showed me her lip where he had hit her. Prisoner went out and came back got poker and ran after Mrs. Wigamen and Maggie went between them; prisoner put his hand on his pocket and said he would blow her brains out; said Mrs. Wigamen was mean, dirty and stingy, that she cut butter with knife she was eating with, that he was not used to eating with hogs; he did appear to be mad at Maggie; I was afraid of him. * *

B. J. Laport, Justice of the Peace, testified saw Hopkins on Sunday at Alport's livery stable, saw him in public building same day. Hopkins then told me he had shot Maggie and her mother; said he had done it to get satisfaction, told Dr. Dunwiddie and others at same time that they would find his shoes in Mrs. Wigamen's house; said that was his overcoat when it was brought to him. This is the conversation in substance that I heard and was voluntary on prisoner's part.

John M Click. Was at public buildings Sunday, Sept 22; witness had written down a statement Hopkins made to him at that time; he was lying on bunk in public building; he stated he left Houtzdale at 11 o'clock p m; went to cellar of house of Wigamen's and staid all night; took off my shoes so that I would make no noise; when I went up stairs put my hands around her and she told me to get out for a s— of a b——. I shot her twice, then went up stairs and shot Mrs Wigamen twice; I did not break lock off door when I shot Mrs. Wigamen, I broke lock off door some time before to get Maggie to come and sleep with me.

At 35 minutes past two p. m. W F Reeder, counsel for the prisoner, opened the case in his defence. He said that all persons charged with crime come into the court with a presumption of innocence which remains until that presumption is broken down by impeachable evidence, and you a true deliverance make.

The defence say that at time of committing the crime the prisoner was not of a sound mind. We will show you that insanity runs in his family and that he has a sister now in an insane asylum. We will show you that at the time of committing this crime the prisoner was not of a sound mind and then shall ask of you to render a verdict of a lower degree if not adjudged insane. His address was eloquent earnest and interesting.

Several witnesses then testified they had seen the prisoner act very queer at times before the murder, and had a wild appearance.

A brother testified as to insanity in the Hopkins connection, an aunt of the prisoner being in an asylum.

Hopkins, the prisoner, being sworn, said; am 29 years old, was born at Spencerport, York state; went to Philipsburg 8 years ago; worked at carpentering; was married 2 years ago to Maggie Wigamen; went to keeping house with Mrs. Wigamen; was at home on Sunday three weeks before the tragedy when I was arrested; after I was released I went home and was under bail to appear before the squire on Monday; no person appeared against me and I was released; on Tuesday following I brought home some meat to cook and my wife threw it out of doors and we had a quarrel; after quarrel was over Dorsey Myers came in and choked me; prisoner then mentioned half dozen different towns he went to; Mrs. Wigamen was always picking at me; don't recollect what she said to me at that time; don't believe I ever took Mrs. Wigaman by the throat; often called her mean, and she was real mean; I paid the rent before living in Wigamen's house; don't think I quarrelled with my wife about paying for the milk; don't think I ever put Mrs Wigamen out of the house, I broke a chair one day but had no quarrel at that time. Was in Fairport about ten days, did no work there as wages were only $4 per week. Yes, that looks as though it was my letter, I think I wrote the letter.

I got to Osceola on Friday; don't know how I got to Houtzdale; don't know how I got to Houtzdale; don't know how I came to Philipsburg; do not know where I went in Philipsburg; dont know as I got into the cellar that night more than what I hear; dont remember of seeing my wife in the cellar; dont know as I went out of cellar into house; dont recollect of shooting Maggie or Mrs. Wigamen; dont remember of telling parties in jail that I had killed them.

At 7 on Thursday evening Judge Furst charged the jury. The jury, after being out an hour and ten minutes, rendered a verdict, "guilty of murder in the first degree."

Both sides were conducted with skill and ability—Meyers and Spangler for the commonwealth and Reeder for the prisoner.

Hopkins heard the verdict with seeming indifference.

Another Murder.

On Thursday morning the murdered body of a young girl name Clara B. Pierce was found two miles this side of Karthaus brige in Centre county. It is believed that the murder was committed about 9 o'clock, as the girl had been seen in that neighborhood about that time. A tall slim man wearing a light suit of clothes, and a Derby hat had been seen with her a short time before and he is believed to be the murderer. A man has been arrested at Vanderbelt, on the Beech Creek road who answers that description. His name is not known at present. The girl had three bullet holes in her body, on right through the heart.

An inquest was held and it was found the girl had been criminally dealt with and then murdered.

A Bible Opening.

D. E. Bible is now in the eastern markets selecting for his new store at Spring Mills, one of the finest stocks of goods ever displayed in Centre co. His opening day will be December, 3d, when he will be pleased to see all his old friends as well as others who want to buy best goods for the lowest prices. Will sell for cash and cash prices, while all kinds of country produce will be taken in exchange. Business will be done on Bible principles.

Two Men Killed.

This morning by a rockslide in the Morris lime quarries near Bellefonte, two men were killed, Frank Gallagher and Joe Maize. The one having his neck cut off, the other his skull crushed, and their bodies otherwise badly mangled.

Death of Mrs. Emerick.

Mrs. Emerick, widow of Wm. Emerick, of near this place, died on last Sunday morning, after an illness of several months. Her husband preceded her to the other shore, several years ago. Mrs. Emerick was a devoted wife and affectionate mother, and leaves four children—Mrs. James Alexander, Caroline, Mrs. C. C. Brumgart, and a son George—to mourn her loss.

She was a Christian woman and a devoted member of the Lutheran church. Her remains were buried at Centre Hall, on Wednesday last, followed to their last resting place by a large number of friends and relatives. Her maiden name was Stover, a sister of William, Daniel, George and Samuel Stover. Her age was 69 years, 3 months and 16 days.

Rev. W. E. Fischer officiated at the funeral and preached an impressive sermon. Previous to her death she selected as her pall-bearers, Wm. Wolf, J. D. Murray, Frederick Kurtz, and D. J. Meyer.

Pres't Dr. Harvey L. Byrd On Wine.

President of the Baltimore Medical College has used Speer's Port Grape Wine very extensively in his practice and his written the follwing letter:

Baltimore, MD., April 17th.

I have prescribed Speer's Port Grape Wine with marked and decidedly beneficial effects in cases requiring a gently stimulating tonic, believing it entirely free from adulteration of any kind, have no hesitation in recommending it to the profession and the public generally as entitled to full confidence for both professional and family purposes.

This statement is predicated upon the ascertained value of this production, and not from general reputation merely.

Harvey L. Byrd, M. D.
President and Professor of Obstetrics and diseases of Women and Children, Baltimore Medical College.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

Holiday Display.

On Saturday, November 30th, there will be a grand opening of Christmas goods at Wm. T Meyer's Cash Bazaar, Bellefonte. Come and select your presents before the stock is reduced.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists

—Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Dried fruit wanted at C. P. Long's, Spring Mills.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No 1 article.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——New lot of robes and 5-A horse blankets very cheap at Boozer's.

——Bartholomew's is the only place in town you can buy the Snag-Proof Rubber boot.

——The engine killed a cow for Daniel Hosterman, of Penn which had strayed on the track.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——The Millheim band will hold a musical convention the first of the season commencing Dec 16, and to close following Saturday.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr. Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap, good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S., warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired,

——The medical association held its quarterly meeting in Bellefonte, Tuesday. Next the undertakers will assemble, followed by the marble yard men, and then the editorial profession to write the eulogies. That's the way the world runs.

——Now is the time to leave your order for a suit and overcoat. Prices to suit the times. Perfect satisfaction in everything fully guaranteed.

MONTGOMERY & Co.,
Tailors, Bellefonte.

——The Rev. W. A. Trostle, of Boalsburg, will preach at Farmers Mills, Sunday next, at 10 a. m., and at Georges Valley 2.30 p. m. Communion services at Farmers Mills will not be held until further notice. The regular pastor will be absent over Sabbath on a short visit to Berlin, where he expects to attend the fiftieth anniversary of his father-in-law's wedding. W. E FISCHER.

——McFarlanes request us to say that they have received another invoice of roasters from New York which they are selling at $1 00 and $1 50. These goods are first class and to us it seems foolish for the people of this vicinity to pay almost double the above price for these goods to other parties. Call at McFarlanes for anything you need in the hardware and stove line.

——Michael Harper, of Aaronsburg, dec'd., has willed $1,000 to the Reformed church, of that town, and the residue of his property to his brother, John Harper, of Wisconsin, who is appointed executor in the will Mr. John Harper is in from the west to attend to his duties as executor. The $1,000 willed to the Reformed church, it is stipulated in the will, shall be permanently invested and the interest go to the congregation.

Farmers Mills.

Rev S. Smith of Union co. failed to fill the Evangelical pulpit here last Sunday, which was caused by the flood last week.

Lutheran communion services here in the Union church next Sunday at 10 a. m.

Several weeks ago while Geo. Ream's boy was returning home from school his keen eye discovered a bee in a pine tree, and Mr. Ream and a friend went and cut the tree, and found it to be a rich find, for the bee had stored a big lot of honey in the tree.

Last week our neighbor Robert Smith butchered a hog that weighed 370 pounds, and then John Auman took a notion to beat that and butchered one that weighed 433 pounds, and by all indications the Esq. up the road is trying to beat all in vicinity.

If you want to see good marksmanship, ask John Rishel to "drop" you a beef and he'll surprise you.

Several of our dads here have discovered that somebody has been taking their horses out of the stables at night, and drove them shamefully.

Butcherings and long sausages are trump now.

Ezra Auman who is teaching in Penn twp., comes home to spend his Saturdays and Sundays under the parental roof.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

The Exposition is closed until October next. We saw it; it was great, being in its infancy, but we saw enough to convince ourselves of the fact that enterprise, such as displayed there, should not be passed by without some comment. But we still wonder why it was that only one wholesale liquor house was so boldly represented. You could see its pyramid of bottles from any part of the great building. It was the prettiest display there. Max Klein has proved to the public that he wants to be seen. His "Silver Age" rye whiskey has now such a well earned reputation that he is proud of it and he wan is everybody to see it. His goods are pure and reliable. You can have his Silver Age at $1.50 per full quarts. His Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt or Gibson at $1.00 per quart, or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for his price list and mention this paper. His address is MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny.

MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY WOLF & SON.

Butter	22	Eggs	22
Onions	50	Lard	8
Hams	14	Shoulders	9
Sides	9	Tallow	4

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Catherine Gentzel, dec'd., late of Gregg township, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL RIPKA,
31oc6t Executor, Penn Hall.

WANTED SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock All Goods Warranted FIRST-CLASS. Permanent, pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age. Mention this paper CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester, N.Y oct33m

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SNAG PROOF RUBBER BOOT,

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At the Station. Also a full line of genuine

o-- WOLF ROBES. --o

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons. Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our early customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Come and see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.

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Bed Room Suits, Parlor Suits, Side Boards, Lounges, Tables, Bedsteads, Wood and Cane-Seat Chairs

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WINTER RESORTS TEXAS AND MEXICO IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE.

Mild Climate, Summer Breezes, pure Air, Ancient Ruins, Grand Scenery. LESS THAN 4 DAYS St. Louis to the City of Mexico via. Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars with only one change via Laredo, Eagle Pass or El Paso. Winter Tourist Tickets at very low rates for sale at all Principal Coupon Stations in U. S. and Canada with privilege of visiting the Famous Hot Springs of Arkansas.

H. G. TOWNSEND, G.P.&T.AGT. ST. LOUIS, MO.

— In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

——Judge Bucher on Saturday of week before last discharged Martin Dietrich from custody, he having been confined in the Snyder county jail for several months charged with the murder of Charles Hane, of Shamokin Dam. The Commonwealth having produced no new evidence and the court being of the opinion that the evidence was not sufficient to hold him for a further hearing, he was consequently discharged. Martin Dietrich has returned home, glad to receive his liberty.

——Stoves! Stoves! Stoves, that is what Reesman across the way is stocked with. Stoves of every size and description, for the parlor, sitting room and kitchen; stoves for wood and coal, for rich and poor, plain and fancy; as fine an assortment as can be found in this county, and at prices far below other dealers. Andy puts them up for you and warrants them good. His is the oldest stove store in the county and none of his customers have yet had cause to complain and always found him honest Andy, and those are the business men one should always patronize. Go and see his stock, and you will be pleased with what you see he has.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct31y

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